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No. 186.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 26, 1907 [With Supplements, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

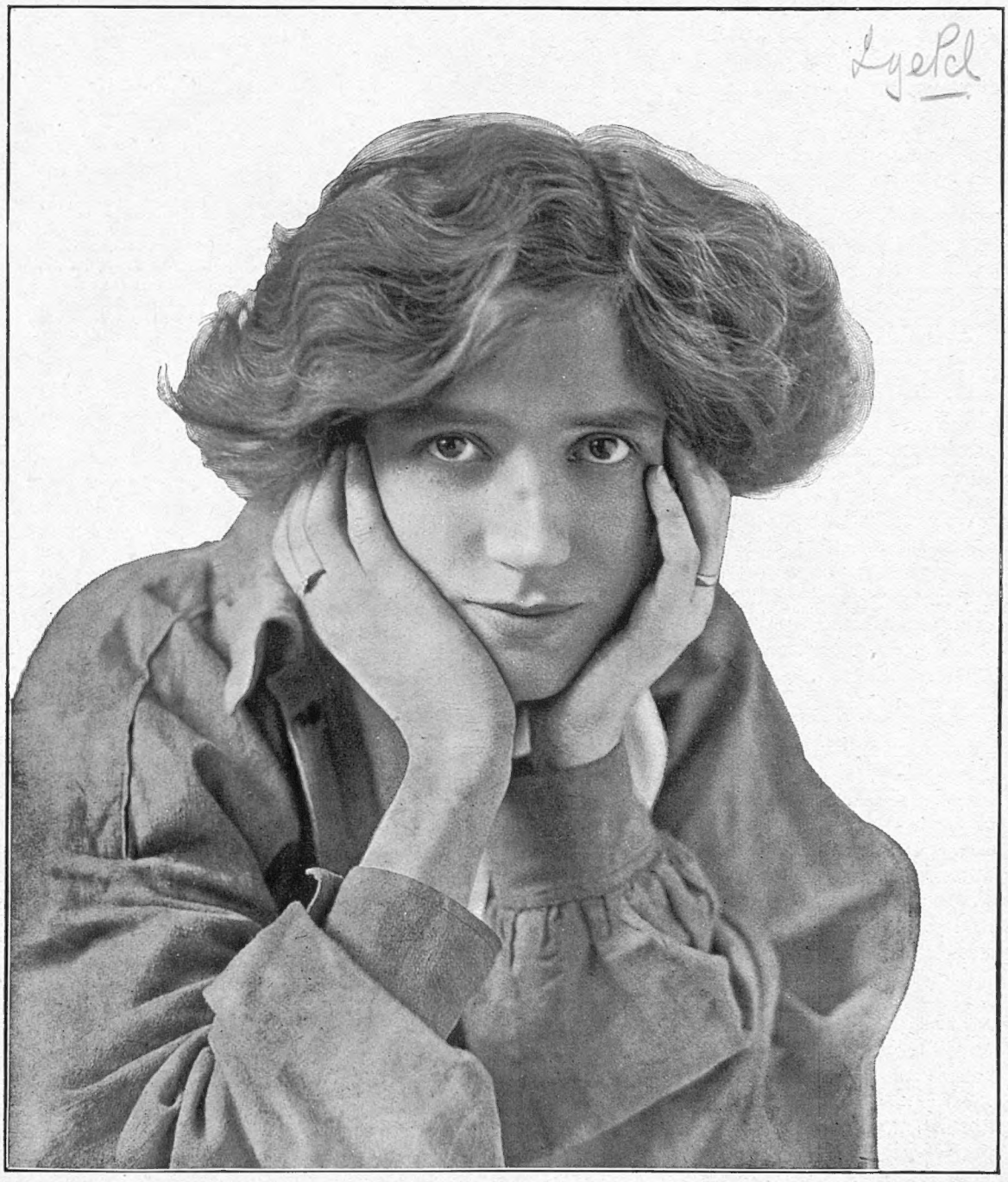

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

THE LATEST OF THE TERRYS

Miss Olive Terry, niece of Miss Ellen Terry—the latest recruit to the stage from a family which has won such lasting renown upon the boards

No. 186.—Vol. XIV.

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Wednesday, June 26, 1907

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

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"Emancipation." By Arthur Beckett. (Sisleys: 6*s.*)

"A.B.C. Holiday Guide." (Wentworth Publishing Co.: 6*d.*)

"Rock and Alpine Gardening." By H. Hemsley. (Cheal and Son: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Court of the Tuileries." By Le Petit Homme Rouge. (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay." By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan: 6*d.*)

The Winning Post Summer Annual, 1907. (R. S. Sievier: 1*s.* net.)

The All-Story Magazine. (Munsey: 6*d.*)

"The Miner's Right." By Rolf Boldrewood. (Macmillan: 6*d.*)

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday June 26, 1907

It is too bad the way we are treating American millionaires. According to a contemporary, there are so many of them over here and so few hotels, that in some cases they have had to camp out all night in cabs. We have never tried this plan ourselves, though sometimes, in a four-wheeler, we have expected to. But it cannot really be comfortable. And it is impossible to regard the morning tub at a cabman's rest as luxurious.

* * *

If many more millionaires are coming over, and apparently they are—in shoals—they had better bring camp-stools. Dotted about Bond Street on camp-stools, they would look picturesque, and be within easy reach of the shops. Or they might try the empty barrels in Covent Garden, which used to be a favourite sleeping-place for some people. These barrels have an old-world flavour which would be agreeable. And they are less draughty than the arches of bridges—that other resort of the houseless.

* * *

Personally, we consider that the Government ought to make an effort in the matter. Why should not the Tower of London be fitted up as a hostelry for American millionaires only? Prices double those of the Ritz or Carlton. Beefeaters included as valets for anyone taking a suite of rooms. Crown jewels on hire for the night. Chambers with blood stains extra. The Chancellor of the Exchequer might be able to bring forward an Old Age Pensions Bill, if something of this sort were tried.

* * *

A change seems to be coming over the German attitude towards us. They no longer accuse us of hypocrisy in the matter of disarmament. One German newspaper has even gone so far as to hint that we may be genuinely desirous of reducing our war strength, and this at a time when Mr. Haldane has decided to retain the services of the Militia. We sympathise with those Militia officers who have been rendered indignant by this ill-timed change of face. If the German waiters should rise in arms at a given signal, it is pretty certain that the Militia would be invaluable.

* * *

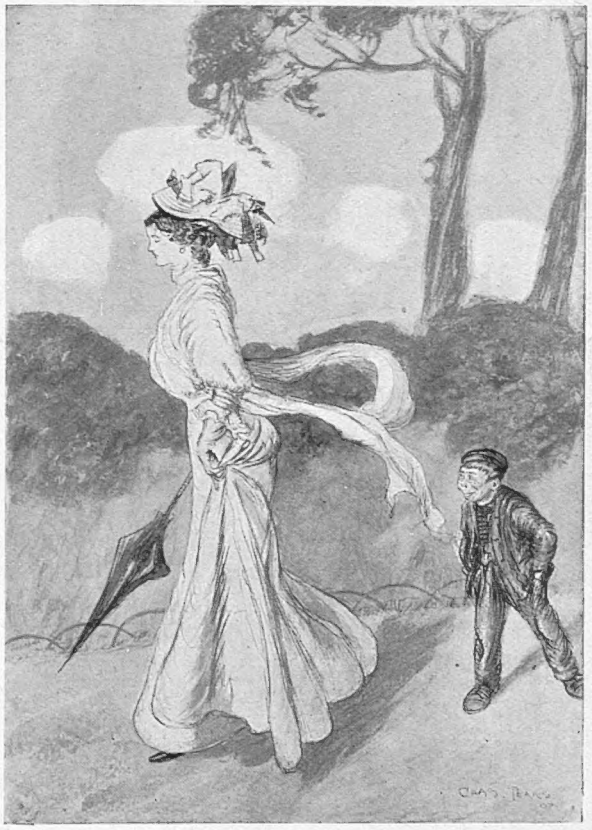
The price of peace—at The Hague—is considerable. Commissioners are reported to have to pay about half a crown for a ham sandwich, and champagne costs about what it did at the Siege of Paris. This is abominable. Here are a number of men of all nations met together in the friendliest spirit to chat about things in general, and they cannot stand one another a drink without feeling robbed. It would be a proper retribution if the Conference ended by voting for the extermination of Holland—or, at any rate, of Dutch contractors. But they won't. They will just pay through the nose, and come back in a warlike frame of mind—ready to fight anybody—including the cabman, for overcharging them. The Palace of Peace will, in fact, if this sort of thing is not stopped, become a hot-bed of Jingoes.

* * *

Latest reports from the Far East indicate that the competitors in the Pekin to Paris race have already given the desert the Gobi.

* * *

Last week they crossed inaccessible mountains, unfordable streams, and impassable plains of sand. So we gathered from *Le Matin*. This week they are expected to leap limitless gulfs, fly through unknown tracks of air, and take impenetrable jungles on two wheels. After that, they will probably get on to something resembling a road, and go along, as so many motor-cars do, at a moderate pace, stopping for hens, and taking care not to run into lamp-posts. Pip-pip! *En avant!*



[The *dernier cri* in the matter of *chapeaux* this *saison* is one which is worn on the back of the wearer's *tête*.—Fashion Correspondent.]

The Small Boy: "Hi! Miss, yer 'at's droppin' off!"

(By Chas. Pears)

The latest movement of the L.C.C. education authorities is to teach housewifery, and for this purpose girls are to live in a real house, be given real housekeeping to do, and real housekeeping money to do it with. The only unreality about the thing will be that they won't have real husbands, who, as likely as not, would be out of work and wages. But no doubt they will get them as soon as they are properly qualified.

* * *

Hats, according to a writer in a contemporary, occasionally get bad-tempered, and it is then perfectly useless to hit or smack them ; they must simply be left alone. We understand, however, that some ladies' maids believe in pinching them.

* * *

We trust that no one anxious to acquire a fortune by the comparatively simple method of asking for it will be disappointed on the arrival of Mr. Pook, of Kyneton, Melbourne, who is reputed to be anxious to fulfil the scriptural injunction and dispossess himself of his very numerous worldly goods. Mr. Pook may have yearnings that way, but we feel it our duty to point out that most of the millionaires who have been similarly advertised might more aptly have been named Spook.

* * *

The *Daily News* has been suggesting that telepathic communication may exist between men and animals. "Perhaps"—says our contemporary—"it is not the word of command uttered to his dog by the keeper or the poacher that ensures obedience so much as the strong wish for obedience that accompanies the word." This is a charming theory, and we hope the *Spectator* will not be jealous.

* * *

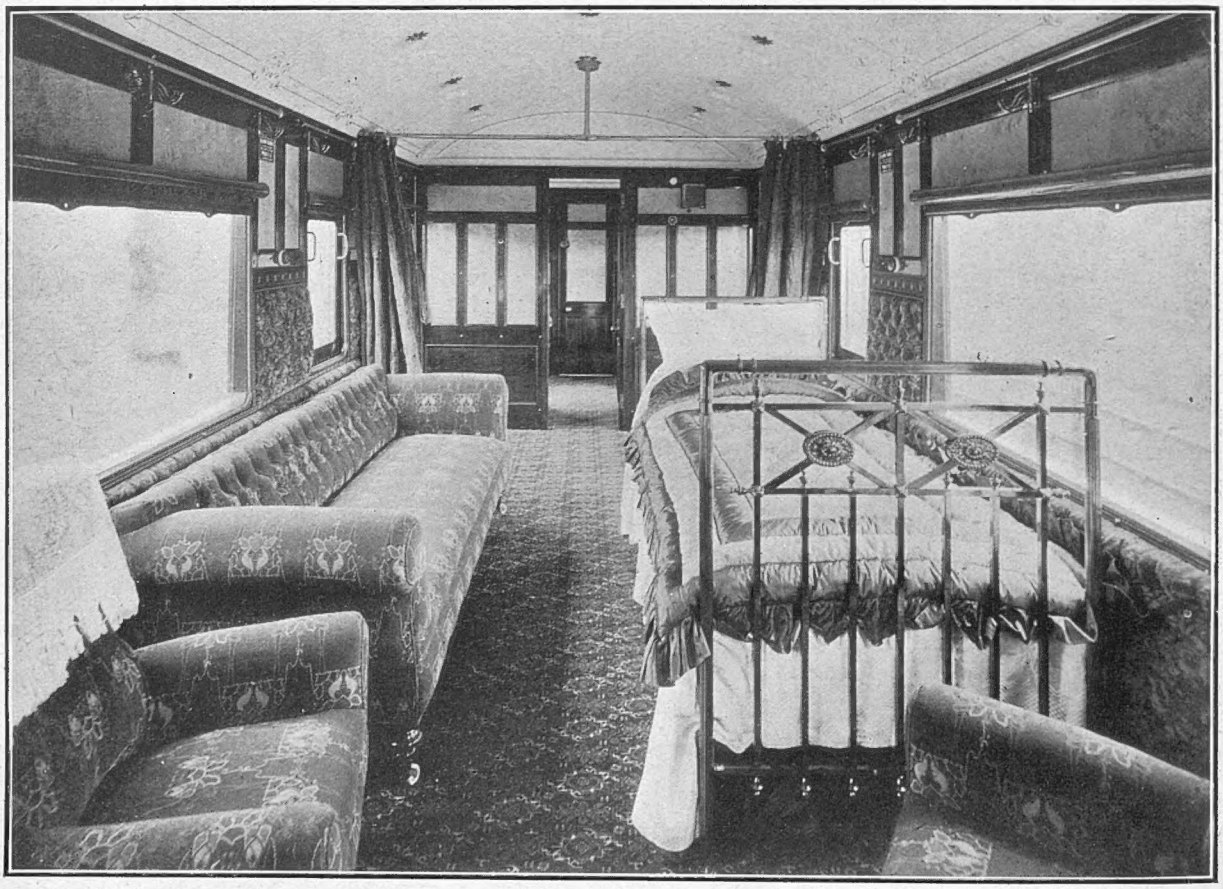
The only difficulty about it is—why does the poacher utter the word when it is really so unnecessary? And will the poacher of the future be content just to stand on the edge of the wood with a sack and wish hard, while his dog pursues the rabbits? Or will he dispense with the dog altogether, and just hold his sack open, while he directs his attention to the ground game?

* * *

Young women are becoming very venturesome nowadays. We trust that Fraulein Wilhelmina Rasmussen, aged twenty, who is about to undertake an Arctic exploration with her brother, in order to find a tribe of Eskimo who are said never to have had communication with the civilised world, will succeed in her quest. The Eskimo will be so interested to hear about Miss Pankhurst and Women's Votes, and the House of Lords, and Mr. Bernard Shaw.

* * *

"Foot-work in Cricket" is the title of an article somewhere by Mr. C. B. Fry. Suppose it will be followed in due course by "Finger-work in Footer" and "Toe-work in Tennis." "Tongue-work in Golf," also, might provide fresh and vigorous copy, if what one hears of it could be faithfully recorded.

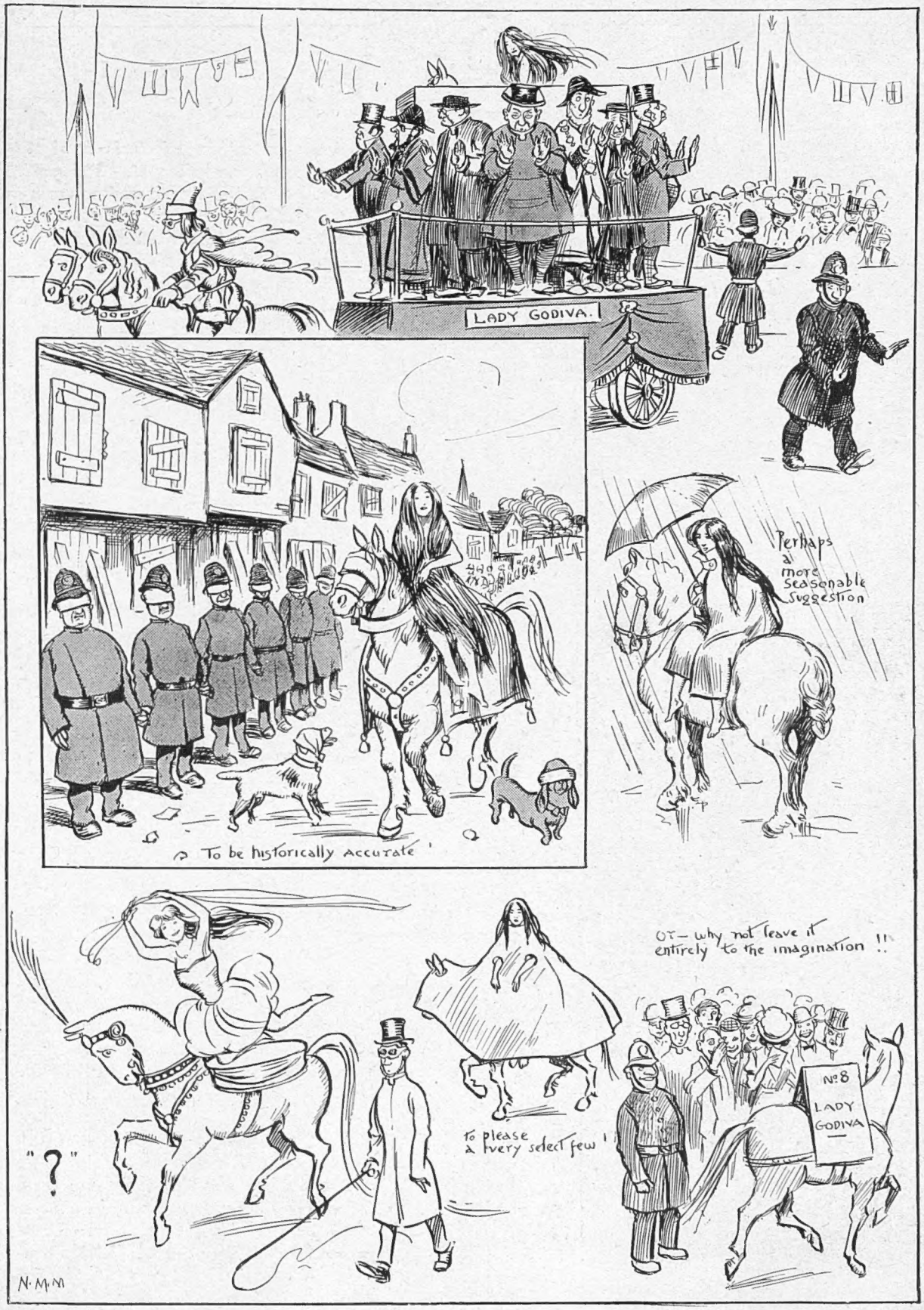


Comfort for Travelling Invalids: The latest innovation on the London and North Western Railway

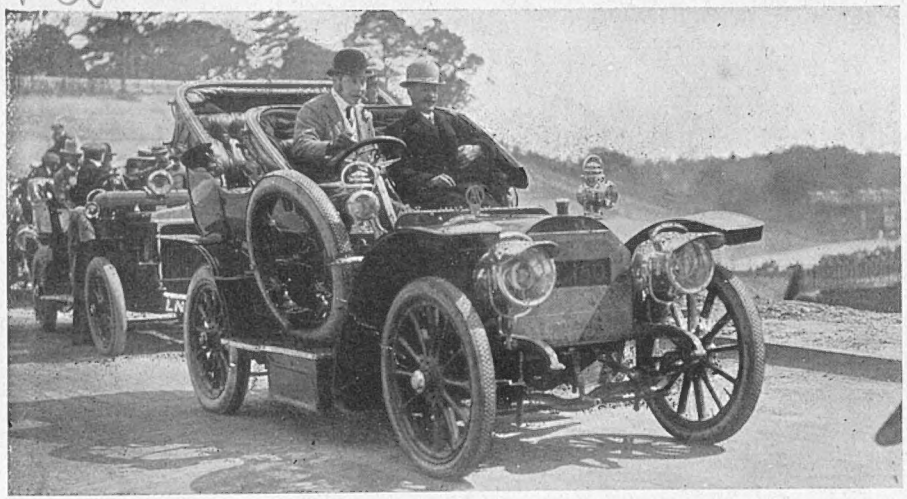
Always on the look out for anything whereby the comfort of their passengers may be increased, the London and North Western Railway have just constructed a special saloon for the use of invalids. The carriage is fitted with an ordinary bedstead, and everything which will tend to the convenience of the passenger. The carriage can be ordered for any destination on the usual notice being given

The "Lady Godiva" Problem

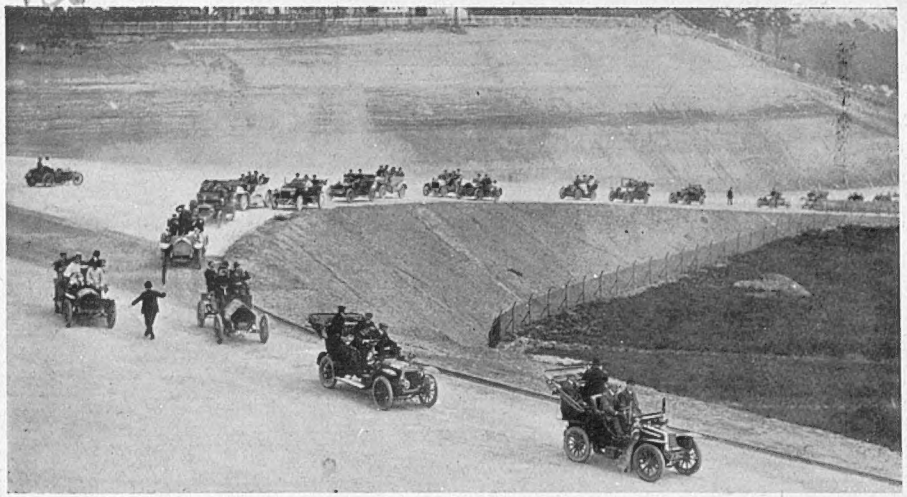
SOME MEANS WHEREBY "LA MILO" MIGHT HAVE MANAGED TO OVERCOME THE COVENTRY PAGEANT DIFFICULTY



DRAWN BY NORMAN MORROW



The Earl of Lonsdale, President of the Brooklands Club, and the Earl of Carnarvon



The Procession of Cars round the Course at the Inauguration last week

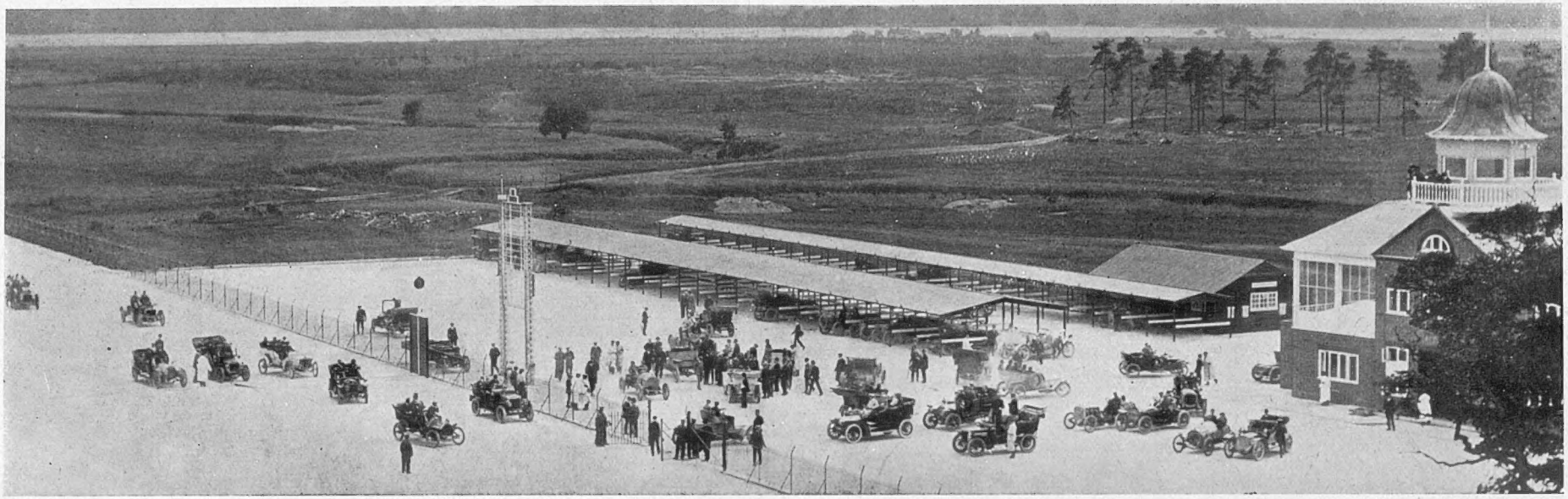


Photo *Topical Agency*

The Inauguration of the World's Greatest Motor Track: A General View of the Paddock at the Brooklands Course, Weybridge, on the Opening Day

The wants of the motorist who desires speed before all else have been met by the construction by Mr. Locke King of the Brooklands Motor Track on his estate at Weybridge, which was formally inaugurated on the 17th, though the first race meeting will not be held until July 6. The construction of the course, which is nearly three miles round, has been a stupendous undertaking, and has cost over £150,000. In the open space in the centre is situated a vast paddock for the accommodation of cars, and a well-appointed clubhouse for members of the Club. The course should have a magnificent future before it

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

A Birthday

The King celebrates one of his birthdays on Friday. Not his "foreign stations" birthday, nor his real birthday, which is in November, but his London birthday, on which the troops, if fine—nearly always it is wet—troop the colour on the Horse Guards' Parade, and the Ministers give banquets and receive at the Foreign Office. When one is King, one rather scores in the matter of birthdays. Presents, I believe, are as much *de rigueur* on one's official as on one's personal birthday—they are thankfully received on both occasions. And with care, one can, or could, were it not for the estimable Burke, quite successfully confuse one's admirers on the subject of one's age. Two or three birthdays a year soon teach them to ignore completely the passing of years.

* * *

At Lincoln

To-day the King visits the Royal Agricultural Show at Lincoln, and, ignoring ancient superstition, passes through the city. Lincoln, historians tell us, was, to the Kings of the late Saxon and early Norman period, a forbidden city.

The first crowned Prince that enters
Lincoln's walls,
His reign proves stormy, and his
glory falls.

Stephen, soon after his coronation, rode, diadem on head, into Lincoln. From that time forth until his death, in 1154, his life was a series of misfortunes, and the superstitious, who were many in those days, did not fail to account for his misfortunes by his foolish intrepidity in braving ancient prophecy.

* * *

The Centre of the Universe

This week London is once more the centre of the social universe. Ascot is a thing of the past, but the July meeting at Newmarket looms in the immediate future, and Goodwood, not far off, marks the beginning of the end. The return of the Court to Town, the amusing struggle 'twixt "unreformed Lords" and "uncontrolled Commons," a rapid succession of balls and dances and dinners and crushes, all serve to concentrate on London the attentions of the world *qui s'amuse*. The second Bachelors' Ball at the Ritz on Monday was the first to start rolling; to-day, a less *chic*, but equally popular, attraction is the Ascot ball at the Wharncliffe Rooms; while chaperons, for the ball at Hurlingham on Monday, are surpassing themselves in the awful struggle to "get men."

* * *

Photo *Annie Bell, 92, Victoria Street*

Miss Elliot

Daughter of Lady Harriette Elliot, and granddaughter of the first Earl of Ravensworth and of the second Earl of Minto

Ball Hostesses of the Week

The Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Ridley, and Countess Benckendorff, are the big dance-hostesses of the week. Only once since she married has her Grace of Norfolk thrown open her Town house for such a purpose. She and the Duke much prefer the joys of domesticity in ancient Arundel to the social obligations entailed by a sojourn in Town. But *noblesse oblige*. With the exception of the Duchess of Devonshire's dinner to the Queen on Derby Day, ducal entertainments this season have been conspicuous only by their absence. It is only right, therefore, that the premier Duke should step into the breach. Lady Ridley's ball is to be a second housewarming, for their lovely new house is now quite completed, and Countess Benckendorff's entertainments at the Russian Embassy are always the last word in elegance.

* * *

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Miss Fitzgerald

Daughter of Sir G. Fitzgerald, one of this season's prettiest *débutantes*

A Royal Hostess

Lady Londesborough, who is now entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales at Blankney, Mr. Henry Chaplin's former residence, and a place celebrated more for its comfortable interior than beautiful exterior, is to give a ball next week, to which the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and that very keen

The Anglo-Indian Ascot

dancer, Princess Patricia, are invited. Lady Armstrong is reappearing on the social horizon with a party in Eaton Square to-night, and two concert-givers of the week are Mrs. Christie-Miller, who has Donalda and Coquelin *cadet* on her programme, and Mr. Waldorf Astor, who is a past-master in the art of concert-giving, and whose *musicales* in Carlton House Terrace are among the most splendid of the season.

* * *

The Inventor of the Private Concert

Mrs. Ronalds, of course, takes credit for the invention of the concert as a private function. She is an American who finds London more congenial than, say, Boston, and who carries still the remains of a beauty which years ago marked her out in Paris at the Court of Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie. Mrs. Ronalds gives her musical parties on Sundays, and one meets there all the youthful musical talent of the day. Like most of her countrywomen, Mrs. Ronalds loves to pose as a patron of the arts, and her house has more often than not proved a stepping-stone to fame. As a girl, she herself had a glorious voice. She sang as one inspired, and Tosti, Sullivan, even Rossini, all thought she could have become the greatest singer, either amateur or professional, of her day. But for work's sake, no American woman loves work. Better to be a patron than an aspirant for patronage, so Mrs. Ronalds never even thought of becoming a professional. She has manners which are *chic*, and her good nature, within due limits, is proverbial.

A Chat with the Viceroy

The Earl of Minto engaged in conversation with Mrs. Mahon at the Simla Summer Races on May 28, 1907

* * *

Society in Simla

That scorning of delights and living of laborious days so earnestly recommended to us by the poet forms no part at all just now of life in Simla. The good old round of Anglo-Indian frivolities is in full swing, and garden-parties, balls, gymkhanas, picnics, polo, lawn tennis, and flirtation are the whole order of a Simla day. An almost unearthly propriety fills the air. Simla may be smart, but it is not sinful; and if any of those gay grass-widows and hill-captains of whom one reads in books really exist, then they must be at some other hill-station, for they and their like are far from Simla. The two *burra lât Sahibs*—the genial Viceroy and the glum Commander-in Chief—walk, and talk, and ride together daily. They seem singularly untroubled by that "Unrest in India" of which Anglo-Indians get fullest particulars when the home mail comes in, and Lord Kitchener, though it is a part of his pose to *look* so cross, unbends in Simla as he never unbends elsewhere. Last Monday was his birthday, his fifty-seventh birthday, and that event, when it occurs in Simla, is not allowed to pass unnoticed. Last year the ball given by the Chief at Snowdon was the event of the season. It takes a confirmed bachelor, as everyone knows, to give a really successful ball, in which *Kalah juggas* abound, and at which men are in such lavish abundance that a girl has to be cajoled, and petitioned, and implored before she finds she can spare even half a dance.

Photos] **"K" as a Race-goer** [*Pittar*

Lord Kitchener in the race-course enclosure at the Simla Summer Races. The Commander-in-Chief is remarkably genial on social occasions in Simla

WELL-KNOWN VISITORS AT THE SIMLA SUMMER RACES

* * *

The Return of Sir Denzil Ibbetson

By the way, I suppose the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab will be home this week, if he is not already here. Lady and Miss Ibbetson were settled in Simla for the season, when Sir Denzil, very much knocked up after some strenuous weeks in his turbulent province, appeared almost unexpectedly on the scene. He had a long interview with the Viceroy, and it was announced almost immediately that the popular Lieutenant-Governor was off home on the sick list, an operation, though not a serious one, being necessary. He will be missed in Simla, where he is one of the most popular of men, but it is probably he will take only the shortest possible leave. Affairs in the Punjab will not bear his too long absence.

* * *

On Hats (Without Prejudice)

"*Sans chapeau ni coiffure empêchant de voir*," I read on the back of a voucher entitling me to a stall in the new Théâtre Réjane over in Paris the other day. I heaved a sigh of relief. For in London hats and hair of late had gone stark staring mad. For weeks aigrettes and curls run riot had impeded my view at the theatre, and out-of-doors hats grown into cart-wheels had sadly jarred my sense of proportion. As usual, Paris, having well launched the millinery craze of the moment, has made a *volte face*. At Chantilly the smartest women wore their hats tilted so far forward that one could distinguish only a shadowy mouth and chin. At Ascot, and on the river on Ascot Sunday, English women (not the

In Dublin's Fair City

Some of the "Sights"

DUBLIN has afforded inspiration to our artist, and a glance at the above pictures will convince readers that the Irish capital is rich in humorous personalities. Perhaps the richest of these is "Endymion," on the right, a notorious personality. His real name is known but to a very few. His attire is a rimless brown hat, a white rain coat, eyeglasses, and small leggings. He always smokes a cigar, and his greeting for everybody is generally: "Hello! old chap. How the divil are you?" Occasionally, he indulges in sabre exercise in the middle of the street. He always carries two sticks, an umbrella, and an old sabre. He has a "season" for the Exhibition, and is devoted to music. Altogether, a most charming eccentric.

BY OSWALD H. CUNINGHAM

SOME HUMAN SIGHTS FOR SIGHTSEERS AT THE IRISH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

Nature as Stage-Manager

THE BEAUTIFUL SCENE OF THE OXFORD PAGEANT, NOW IN PROGRESS

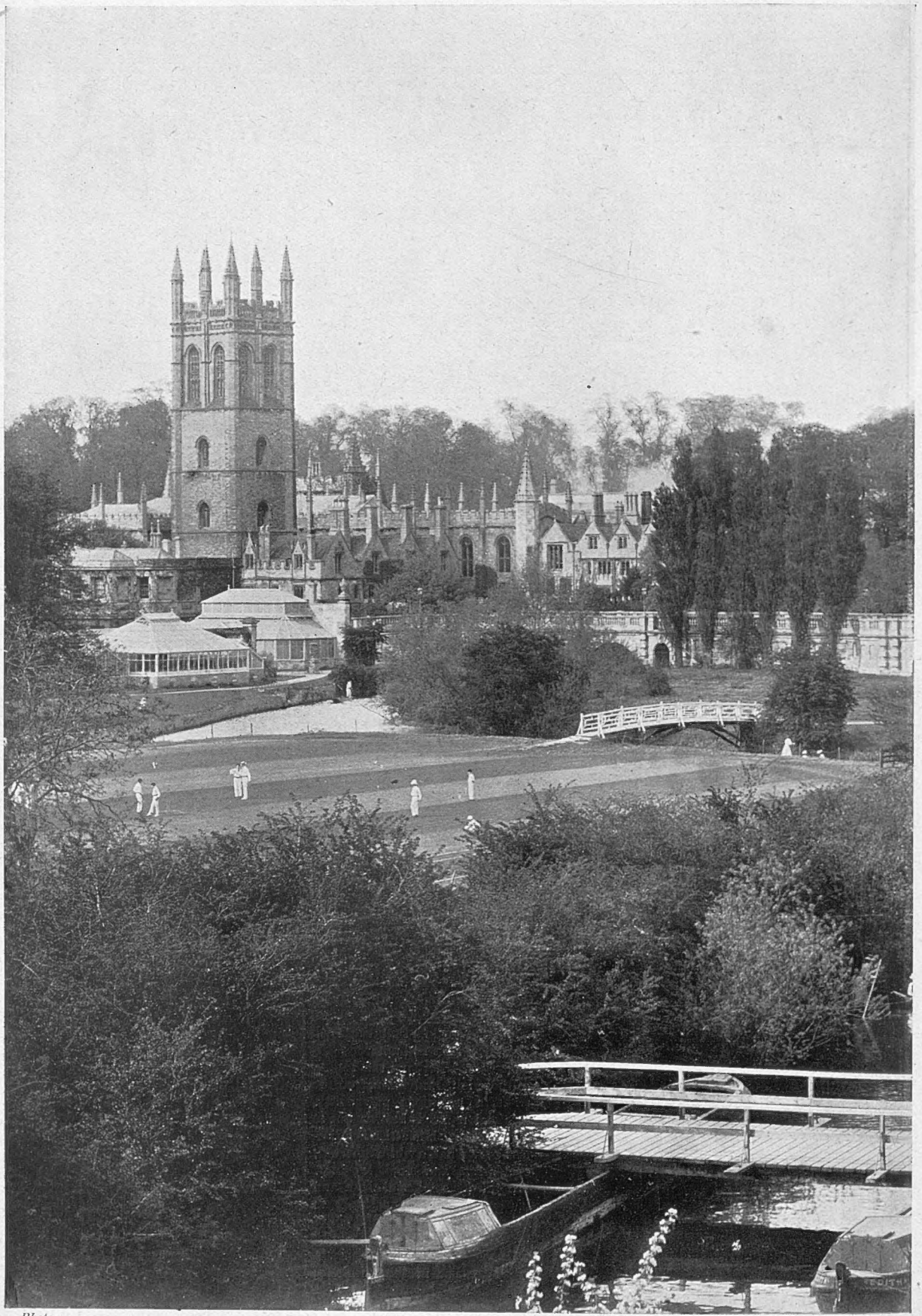


Photo *Hills and Saunders*

Christchurch Meadow, with the River Cherwell (Magdalen in the background), the beautiful spot whereon is now being daily enacted the Oxford Historical Pageant. The winding tree-lined reaches of the Cherwell have enabled the organisers to produce some particularly pleasing aquatic entries and exits. Further, there being nothing architecturally modern within sight of the grand stand, the Pageant conveys an enviable impression of reality. The scene is one in which the crowd is the only anachronism

Cricket Week at Tonbridge

smartest) wore their hats slipping off the backs of their heads. Sometimes it was rather nice. Generally it was dreadful. I never thought it possible to reveal so much front hair and still wear a hat; but you never know what women can do until they try, though if they are true Britons you may be pretty sure they will exaggerate.

* * *

The Cult of the Pageant

It has been left to the provinces to evolve the latest cult—the cult of the pageant. Provincial towns, one after another, have succumbed to the charm of pageantry, and now, no sooner does one come to an end than

A second lion gives a louder roar,
And the first lion thinks the last a bore.

Warwick and Sherborne and Mr. Louis Parker have much to answer for. They introduced pageants into the land, and, like rabbits in Australia, they threaten to overrun us. Pageants are all right so long as they manage to avoid that perilous borderland—the Ridiculous. Mayors and Milos and Millinery (or the lack of it), too much pinchbeck and pasteboard, and that eminently British phlegm which refuses to lose sight of its own dignity and regards the picturesque with suspicion, threaten with the bane of absurdity the cult of the pageant. But some weeks ago I announced my conversion to the Pageant idea, so perhaps I had better pull myself up lest further reflection should bring on a relapse. Besides, in my next issue, I shall have to record my personal impressions of the Oxford function, which is now in full progress by the Cherwell waters (see illustration on opposite page), and what these may be I have not, at the time of writing, the ghost of an idea.

* * *

Cup Day at Ascot

The Gold Cup day at Ascot was perfect in weather and brought together a huge crowd. Motors lined the road outside the stands for a mile, and facing the stands, on the course, coaches and carriages of all sorts abounded. The Royal procession arrived shortly before the first race. The King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Victoria, were in the first carriage, and the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Connaught in the second. The Queen was again wearing a becoming hat (as she did on Tuesday) instead of her usual toque. It was composed of her usual favourite shade of mauve, and suited her to perfection.

Photos *P.P.A.*

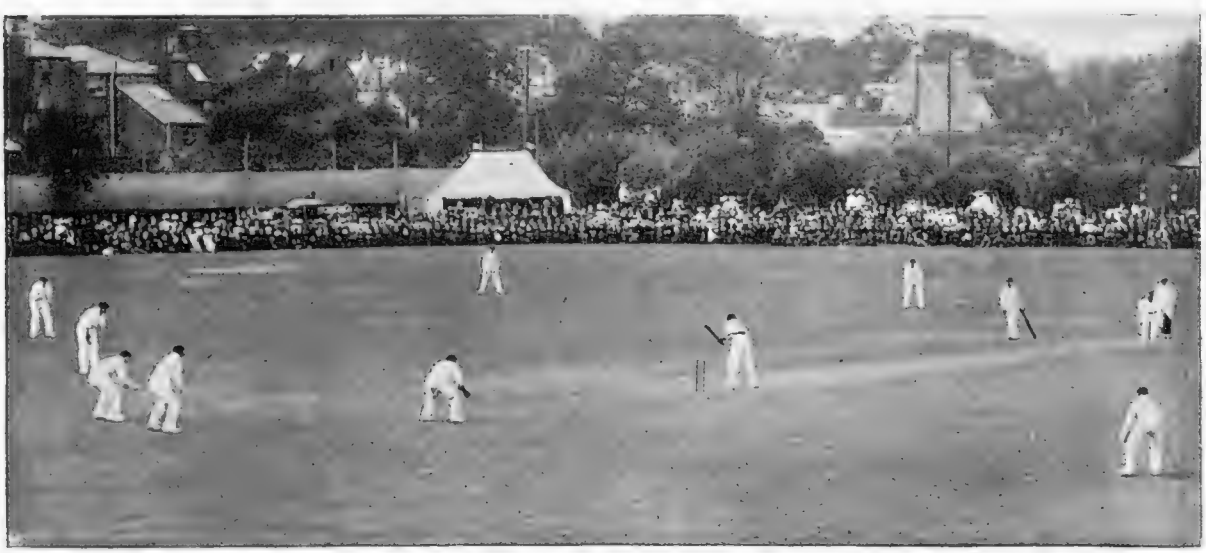
The Marquis d'Hautpoul — Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox

Two well-known members of the Bachelors' Club, whose second annual ball—one of the smartest affairs of the season—took place on Monday, Midsummer Day, at the Ritz

* * *

A Memorable Race

The race for the Gold Cup was full of incident. First, the Cup was stolen in a mysterious fashion on Tuesday. "All the fault of sensational plays like



Cricket Week at Tonbridge: The Kent v. Hants match

Last week was the famous Cricket Week at Tonbridge, celebrated by matches with Middlesex and Hampshire. Middlesex beat Kent by ten wickets on Tuesday, while Thursday and Friday were occupied by the Hampshire match. Our photograph shows Smoker (Hants) bowling Woolley (Kent)

Some Ascot Impressions

Raffles, which put ideas into people's heads," remarked a grey-haired old fogey, who should have had more sense. The race itself, which was looked on almost as a certainty for The White Knight, resulted in a "dead heat" with the French horse Eider. Before the excitement had cooled down, an objection was laid against the latter on the score of bumping, and the verdict was given in The White Knight's favour. The incident caused a little unpleasantness, especially with some of the plumes. Mrs. Dick Cunyngham was in black and white. Lady Gosford was for some time seen talking to Georgiana, Lady Dudley, who was looking most picturesque. Prince and Princess Christian brought a party from Cumberland Lodge, Lady Londonderry one of them. She was talking to Lady Ilchester. Princess Patricia and Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Francis of Teck, and Lord and Lady Crewe were all near together chatting. The Royal procession, on the return journey after the last race,

Photo *Dixon*

AT ROYAL ASCOT: THE CROWD IN THE PADDOCK ON CUP DAY

"bookies," who had unwisely paid out before the "all right" had gone up.

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People in the Enclosure

The paddock, during the better part of the lunch-hour, was so crowded that it was impossible to take notice of all the beautiful "clo."; while the horses were not even thought of. One lady remarked, "How much nicer Ascot would be with no horses"; to which her companion answered, "How nice it would be with no smart females blocking the view!" A white chiffon, painted in large poppies with black centres, and touches of black on the bodice, with black gloves and black hat, was one of the most beautiful dresses to be seen. A cream "punch" lace dress and old-world fichu of blue silk trimmed with platinum lace, was a dream. Mrs. Aspinwall looked charming in a pale yellow cloth, and a large picture hat with a blue velvet bow and white was greeted with hearty cheering all along the course, which re-echoed till the red coats of the grooms had disappeared from view.

* * *

Chefs and Their Publishers

When an ordinary man writes an ordinary book, no one takes any particular notice, least of all his publisher. But when a *chef* writes a book it is different. A few days ago, to celebrate the publication of Escoffier's (the Carlton *chef*) great cookery book, the publisher, Mr. Heinemann, gave a dinner. It was small, but select, and what it lacked in numbers it made up in culinary appreciation. The food was, of course, superb. A *gourmet's* dream. A poem. A rapture. M. Escoffier himself superintended the repast—an honour seldom vouchsafed even unto Kings—and one which, towards the end of the meal especially, all but overcame the guests so greatly honoured.

The First Sunday after Ascot

IN THE DOLDRUM'S AT BOULTER'S LOCK

After Ascot, *everybody* takes to the Thames, for at least one sacred Sunday. The feast must be classified as an "immovable" one, in one sense at any rate, for, once arrived at the famous lock of Boulter, all hope of progress may as well be abandoned. Such a scrimmage as never was! Skiffs, punts, launches, houseboats, all are held up for hours, and should the sun be only moderately genial, heat will be one's portion, generally mitigated, however, by the soothing contents of the bottles which will have been provided by all true worshippers at this particular feast

Paderewski's Continued Popularity

The Fashion for Food

If it is true that, as a nation, we have only one sauce, then is it doubly true that, as a nation, we have but one form of entertainment, and that the eating of food. Nothing can be begun, nothing continued, nothing ended, without gastronomic aid of sorts. The only way to get a man to come to a dance is to dine him first, and then to dangle supper before his eyes. And the fashion in dining is, like the fashion in clothes, ever changing. Just now, it is the turn of the small restaurant and of French cooking. At Jules', for instance, in Jermyn Street, one meets "everyone"—it is the fashion. M. Jules always makes you believe that you, and you alone, are the one person he really does like to see eating his dinners and drinking his wines.

* * *

Paderewski

Paderewski is not, of course, quite the name to conjure with that once it was. Hair has, for some years, ceased to be the only determining factor in public musical criticism. The artistic merits of a performer—even if he be a violinist—have a knack nowadays, as doubtless they had a generation ago, of gaining consideration. Paderewski played, as usual, some Beethoven, some Liszt, some Chopin, and some self. At the end of a valse by the last named but one, there was the usual vulgar rush by the females in the audience to the platform for a hand-shake, or an autograph, or something of the kind, and encores were yelled for. I wonder, by the way, when *virtuoso* pianists will vary their programmes? The knowledge that one will hear the same old Beethoven sonata, the same Liszt Rhapsodie, the same batch of Chopin valses and nocturnes is effectually bringing this style of entertainment into disrepute. I say nothing against Beethoven—but I do feel that it is time the twentieth-century note in pianoforte music were accentuated and that of the nineteenth kept in its proper place. Liszt and Chopin are, to put it mildly, a little threadbare; and, as to the latter named, I should pass away happily if I concluded my life without hearing another note of his music.

PADEREWSKI

The Polish *virtuoso* reappeared for one recital in London on Tuesday last

(By B. Kronstrand)

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A Home for Millionaires for Sale

The late Mr. George Herring's name will long live as that of one of the most open-handed and practical philanthropists this country has seen. In fact, his name is now far better known after his death than during his lifetime, for, though he delighted to second his gifts, notably to the King's Hospital Fund and the Salvation Army, with a personal interest in the ways in which they were utilised, the general public were almost ignorant of his personality. As the story has it, he started life as a waiter—or less—in an eating-house in Newgate Street. His benefactions, however, did not cease with his life, for, in accordance with his will, his residence at No. 1, Hamilton Place, Park Lane, is to be offered for sale by auction by Messrs. Grogan and Boyd, the sum realised to be handed over to the King's Hospital Fund. This splendid mansion, which was for many years the residence of Lord Eldon, the famous Lord Chancellor, and remained in his family till purchased by Mr. Herring in 1891, occupies one of the most delightful positions in the West End. It has splendid views of Hyde Park, and is within a stone's throw of Rotten Row. Though little used by its late owner for the purpose, it is admirably suited for entertaining, for its accommodation is of the most spacious and convenient character, and we may expect to see it become, in the near future, most favoured as a Society rendezvous.

* * *

The Roof-Garden

Among the American notions which refuse persistently to "catch on" over here, perhaps the roof-garden is the most obstinate. Try as we may, summer after summer, we fail to induce it to take up its residence in this climate. I cannot shed any tears over the matter. London can, to my mind, get along very well without roof-gardens. A city so rich in parks and squares, which has green pastures in the thick of its busiest quarters, could well afford to despise the puny artificialities which such a bare and pastureless city as New York has to institute in order to "see green." So situated is our city, too, that it is not necessary for us to ascend twenty storeys to get a breath of air. The Embankment, St. Paul's Churchyard, Trafalgar Square, the Park, and the wonderful desert isle of mystery which lies between the East and the West Strand, are areas airy enough and windy enough to satisfy the hottest of city toilers. As to the joys of open-air feeding,

The Roof-Garden in London

great though these be, given a tolerably settled climate, the present "Summer" has been quite sufficient to chill and damp, for years to come, any *al fresco* enthusiasm that we might have brought back from our last Continental tour. Rank ruin would certainly have been the lot of any *restaurateur* who had been so rash as to start the terrace system in the Strand or Aldwych. For, probably by the time the clerk of the weather has awakened to the fact that it is summer, we shall, most of us, have fled from these shores until warm October or genial November shall have come to make London life again endurable.

A Kensington Innovation

Despite these fractious remarks—a cloud-burst is at the moment in progress—I am interested to publish a photograph of an actual roof-garden in being. In High Street, Kensington, on the top of a row of shops, and surrounded on three sides by a block of flats called the Thornton Court Estate, there has just been opened a novel roof-garden, containing trees, fountains, sundials, and all the other needed accessories. I have not yet heard exactly how far the flat-dwellers have availed themselves of the innovation, and succeeded in being jolly thereupon.

A Roof-Garden in London

A pleasing adjunct to the Thornton Court building in High Street, Kensington, is a roof-garden, containing trees, fountains, sun-dials, and other delights

Photo] **To be sold to benefit the King's Hospital Fund** [*Raymond*

The late Mr. George Herring's mansion at No. 1, Hamilton Place, Park Lane, is being offered for sale by auction this week, and, in accordance with his will, the whole of the proceeds are to be handed over to the King's Hospital Fund

Racing: The Ascot Meeting. By "CARBINE"

An Ill-Advised Objection

How much better it would have been if Mr. W. R. Wyndham and Colonel Kirkwood, the joint owners of The White Knight, could have resisted the impulse to object to Eider after the extraordinary dead-heat for the Gold Cup. I am neither squeamish nor unduly sentimental, but I do think that one of the grandest attributes of the Ascot meeting is the general desire of owners to race there on the truest and best lines of sport. It has come to be regarded as bad form to lodge an objection at Ascot, save for some particularly glaring infringement of the rules, and it is the only meeting in the Kingdom where many bookmakers will pay over their losses without waiting for the familiar "All right!"—surely the highest compliment that could be paid to Ascot racing. I grant you that it is useless to have elaborate Rules of Racing and Stewards unless you are prepared to abide by them, yet the unwritten law against objections is something which raises the racing at Ascot far above the average plane—something, too, which must make individuals think of the Turf in a higher and better spirit. Thus I observed with deep regret that the owners of The White Knight thought it best to adopt the "win, tie, or wrangle" policy. Watching the race carefully from a lofty perch, I saw that Eider did actually swerve from the rails and knock into The White Knight. But for this it is possible that the favourite would have won by something like a neck, and I suppose the Stewards, in their strict duty of interpreting the law, had no alternative but to disqualify the French horse. It was sad to see Eider, after his magnificent struggle, relegated to last place in the race; and considering that The White Knight did not himself keep too straight a course, he was rather lucky to get the race.

A Brilliant Week's Racing

With the exception of this Gold Cup fiasco, this has been one of the most pleasant Ascots of recent years. Favourites did not, of course, win every time, but perhaps the greatest surprise of all was the downfall of Little Flutter on Friday. In the majority of weight-for-age events form was tolerably well borne out. Polar Star showed that he has gone utterly to pieces by his inability to make a race of it with Sancy, and I wonder whether we shall ever see Mr. Hall Walker's colt again in that remarkable form which he displayed in the Kempton Park Jubilee. Slieve Gallion, Wool Winder, White Eagle, and Troutbeck won their respective races easily enough, but Lord Rosebery's Popinjay was rather disappointing, and the French visitors got back some of their losses over Eider when Monitor, a strapping colt, won the Windsor Castle Stakes. But the smartest two-year-old seen at the meeting was undoubtedly Prospector, a colt owned by a nephew of the late Mr. Jack Gubbins, and this gentleman bids fair to repeat his uncle's marvellous racing successes.

Some Notable Winners

Torpoint, at one time reckoned to be a hopeless cripple, rewarded his trainer by winning two of the richest races of the meeting, and another notable winner was Lally, whose return to his best form has been remarkable in its rapidity. When we saw him win the Royal Hunt Cup we recalled his display at Lingfield about six weeks ago, when he could scarcely go fast enough to keep himself warm. Truly, the differences in form of some thoroughbreds pass all understanding.

Selections

The chief meeting of the present week is being held over the fine course at Gosforth Park. In the Northumberland Plate to-day, Beppo is scarcely likely to be pulled out after his Ascot exertions, and, in his absence, I incline to **Gourd.** The Seaton Delaval Plate on Thursday may be won by **Little Goose.** At Sandown Park on the following day I hope to see the King very appropriately win the Sandringham Stakes with **Slim Lad,** and the New Stand Handicap may be taken by **Mildew II.** On Saturday my selection is **Araminta** for the British Dominion Race.

At Ascot I tested a pair of Messrs. Aitchison's Victor glasses (price £5 5s.), which behaved splendidly. I was able to distinguish the runners the other side of the course with ease, which is saying a good deal. Racing men might do worse than pay a visit to any one of Messrs. Aitchison's numerous branches.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

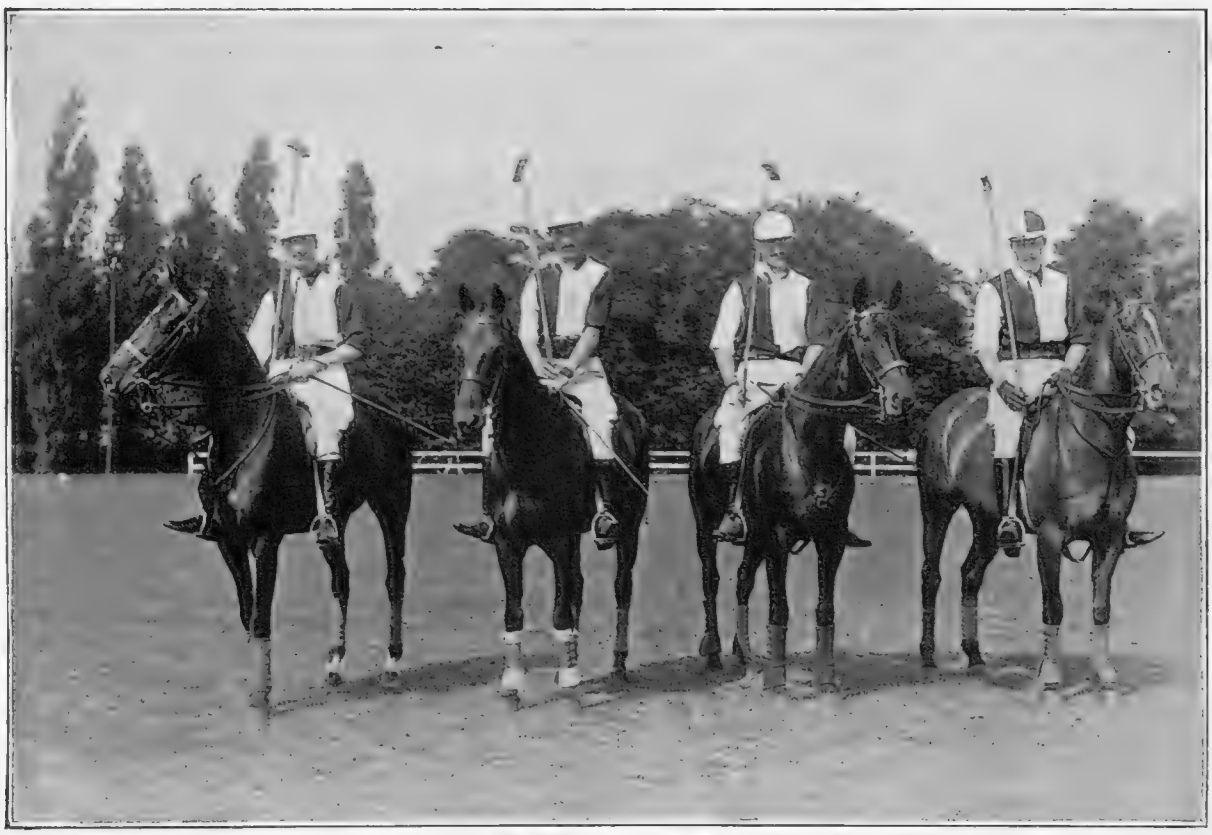
The Dead-Heat for the Gold Cup at Ascot: The White Knight (on the left) and Eider finishing neck to neck

This year's race for the Gold Cup at Ascot was fought with two, happily, exceptional incidents. Firstly, the Cup itself was stolen and has not yet been recovered, and, secondly, the race ended in a dead-heat between the favourite, The White Knight, and the French horse, Eider. An objection was lodged against the latter, however, with the result that he was disqualified

An Exciting Polo Match

FREEBOOTERS WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP AT HURLINGHAM

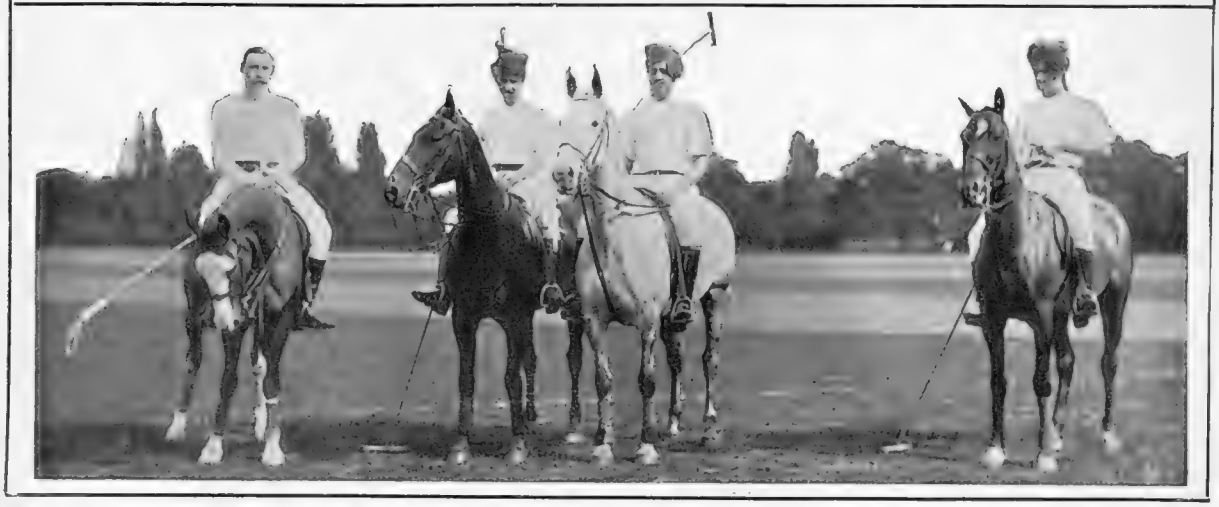
An Exciting Run Down the Field



The Winning Freebooters (Captain Jenner, Mr. R. A. Grenfell, Mr. M. F. O. Grenfell, and the Duke of Roxburghe)

Despite such other attractions as the Windsor Garden Party, polo enthusiasts were well represented at Hurlingham on Saturday at the notable match for the Champion Cup between the Freebooters and Roehampton. At the outset, the Freebooters had by far the best of the game, securing their four goals "right off the reel." Towards the end, however, Roehampton pulled up, and saved their honour by scoring two goals. The Freebooters were at the top of their form, and played excellent polo

POLO: Fine Play in the Champion Cup



The Maharajah of Bikanir's Team which beat the Spanish Team at Roehampton

Our treacherous June proved, however, too much for the Maharajah's health, and his place was taken in this match by Captain H. T. E. Guest

How the Woodpeckers Went Down

Those who observed in last week's issue of THE BYSTANDER my expression of opinion that the Woodpeckers would win the Champion Cup can readily imagine the feelings of blank dismay with which I watched them gradually going down before Rugby in the very first round. Never did a Champion Cup team give a more disappointing show than these Woodpeckers. On the other hand, Rugby's brilliancy was a supreme delight to their friends. Another surprise in the first round was the defeat of the Old Cantabs, who gave a much better display than the Woodpeckers, yet were unable to withstand the extraordinary dash of the brothers Nickalls. It was once remarked that these youngsters were of little use together without the restraining influence of a player like Mr. Buckmaster or Captain Lloyd. But they have utterly disproved that by getting into the Champion Cup practically "on their own."

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Foreign Players at Roehampton

The match between the Spanish and the Maharajah of Bikanir's team

* * *

An Interesting Tournament

I cannot recollect a more generally interesting tournament for the Champion Cup. Every tie was worth going a long way to see, and the struggle between the Buchanans and the Tigers, while not productive of the finest polo, was intensely exciting. The Buchanans were not to be intimidated by the fearsome tiger with a "real glass eye" which was embroidered on the jacket of each of their opponents, and they gradually wore the Count de Madre's team down. Everyone was sorry that the Maharajah of Alwar could not turn out for the Buchanans, but, as a substitute for him, we were introduced to a player who steps at once into the front rank of English polo. I refer to Captain L. W. Sadlier-Jackson, the 9th Lancers' man, just home from India.

Teams in the Final

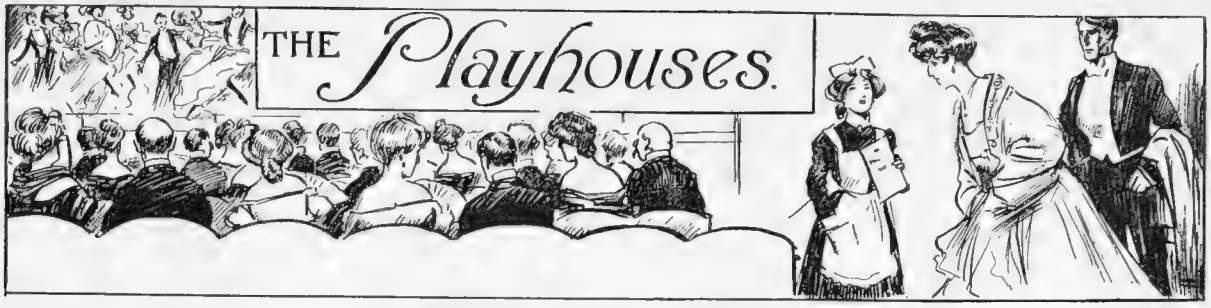
In the semi-finals, Roehampton and the Freebooters won the right of way into the last stage of the tournament. The Nickalls' again proved simply irresistible, and knocked the Buchanans out of the tournament in most uncompromising fashion. But the Freebooters had tough opponents in Rugby, and it was only the latter's inability to go the full course that lost them the match. In other words, the Freebooters beat them for stamina. The Duke of Roxburghe, who last season was rather off his game, has come right back to the top of his form, and he was very reliable and splendidly consistent all through this match. A number of the same teams are taking part in the Open Cup at Ranelagh this week. Roehampton have got back into the same order as last season, and they ought to repeat their success.

* * *

Bikanir and Alwar

The chilliness of an English June has upset the Bikanir team, and up to the time of writing the Maharajah himself had not been seen in a match. But one afternoon last week I saw the Bikanir team, with Captain Guest playing instead of their absent leader, in a capital game against Madrid at Roehampton. It was obvious that, on their own grounds and ponies, the Bikanirs must be a capital lot, and I think they will always beat Madrid. They are marvellously quick on the ball, and get plenty of power behind their strokes. But for real big hitting, you should see the Maharajah of Alwar, who was also playing at Roehampton last week. He made some extraordinary drives. Once, with his pony at a standstill in the centre of the ground, he scored a remarkable goal with a mighty stroke. His power of wrist must be tremendous.

A. W. C.



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

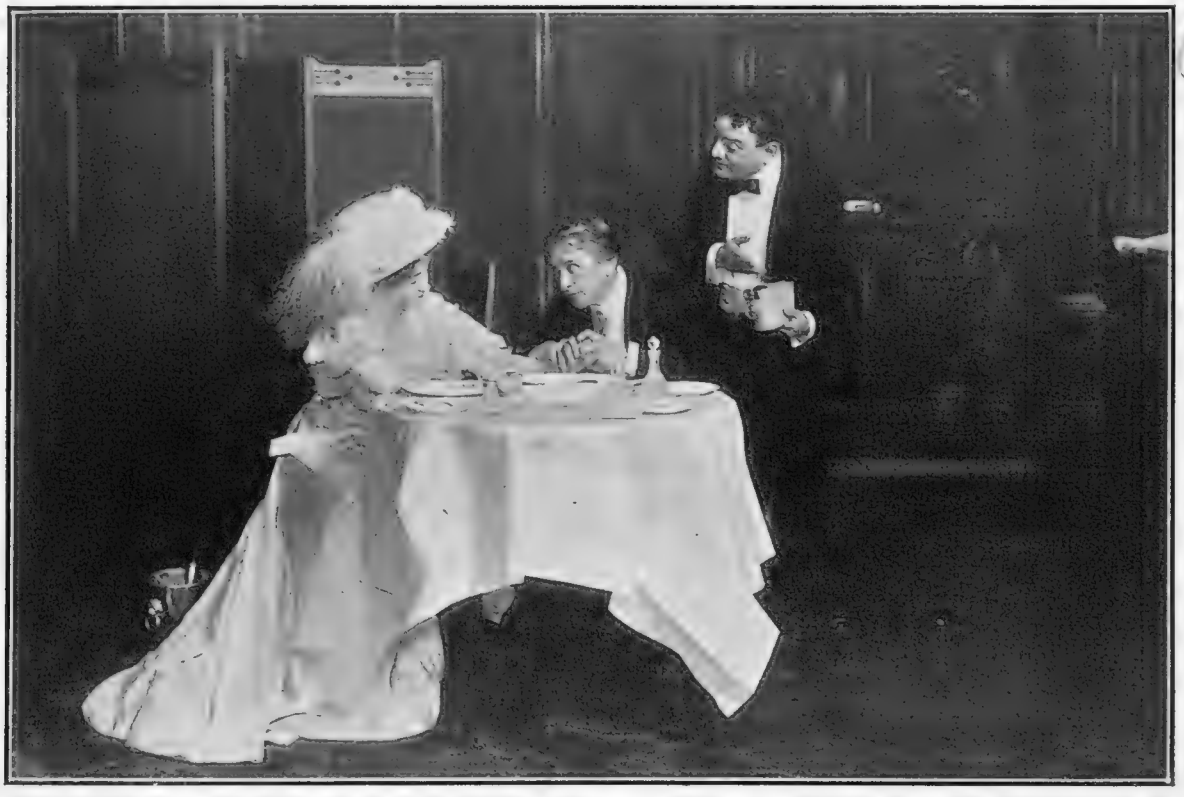
"Divorçons"

The gentlemen who make adaptations from French plays are compelled to use the blue pencil very frequently. It would seem as though, from mere habit, they wielded the blue pencil at times when there was small necessity for it. This may explain the fact that never before have we seen a version of *Divorçons* so near the witty and irresponsible original as that which has been prepared by Miss Margaret Mayo. In its present form the play is very welcome. Apart from the fact that it turns upon a law which "dates" it, the play bears few traces of age. This question of age is no more to be explained in the case of plays than it is in the case of women. Some women and some plays wear well. We accept this pleasing state of affairs with gratitude, untinged with curiosity.

Tradition is often apt to act as a bogey. Miss Grace George, the new Cyprienne, does not appear to have troubled herself either about the performances or the reputations of her celebrated predecessors. She has read the part carefully. The reading has called up smiles upon her lips, and has suggested a manner of playing it entirely her own. It is a fresh, sparkling manner, for which we are duly grateful.

A Born Comédienne

Miss George's performance, without being great, is distinctly pleasing. She has a light touch, and that unmistakable method of gaining effects which stamps the true *comédienne*. It is a gift from Nature. Great stage-managers can develop this talent, but they cannot inculcate it. There are hundreds of young actresses on the stage to-day attempting to play comedy rôles, in spite of the fact that they are not endowed with this precious gift. In stage parlance, they "get through," but they cannot bluff the discerning play-goer. If he be a man of sensibility, he sheds a furtive tear at the thought that the fairy godmother whose gift is comedy should have been absent at the birth of these well-known, and too often be-lauded, young actresses. Mr. Frank Worthing brought out the very telling points in the rôle of the husband. His quiet enjoyment over the discomfiture of the unfortunate lover, Adhemar, was pitched in the proper key. I can imagine a more blatant and far less effective method of playing Cyprienne's husband. Mr. Richard Bennett's Adhemar was funny without



Miss Grace George, Mr. Frank Worthing, and Mr. Max Freeman in "Divorçons" at the Duke of York's

Miss Grace George and Mr. Frank Worthing, the husband and wife in the play, discover, when they have arranged for a divorce, that after all they love each other. *Divorçons* is the latest version of Sardou's play, and has been cleverly translated by Miss Margaret Mayo. The part of Cyprienne is excellently and originally rendered by Miss Grace George, the well-known American actress

being French. He, like Miss George, would appear to be blissfully unconscious of the performances of his predecessors. Mr. Max Freeman raised many laughs as the Head Waiter at the Café Grand Vatel. But he played the rôle as though he had financed the company and were the ground landlord of the site on which the Duke of York's Theatre is built. Taking full advantage of the surprising licence allowed him, Mr. Freeman marred a most humorous performance by exaggerated touches. The play is full of quaint "Sardouisms," those stage tricks which, whether they are used to make the audience laugh or to keep the plot a-moving, seldom miss the effects which they are intended to create. The present version of *Divorçons* ranks high among the merry and diverting entertainments now to be seen in Town.

THE CASTIGATION OF SHAW

(*In Blackwood's Magazine*)

There is a type of boy at school who is feared by his fellows. Very often puny in stature, and seldom of any account at games, this youth, by sheer cleverness, manages to gain a remarkable ascendancy over his comrades. He has a way of "saying things" which is more dreaded than the soundest licking. A sneer here and a cutting remark there are all that is required to keep subject to his will a group of boys, each one of whom could pick their leader up by his breeches and thrust him through a class-room window. Yet he inspires more respect than any bully. A boy will "cheek" a bully and be willing to pay the price. A few sentences of fierce invective against the tormentor before an appreciative audience are worth the physical pain that must inevitably follow. But revolt against the "clever" tyrant is a rare occurrence. It is hopeless to fight him with his own weapon—the tongue. He is too small to be chastised. For these reasons the clever tyrant sits upon his throne in reasonable security. But a throne occupied by a tyrant can never be an entirely secure sitting-place. And so it comes to pass in the fulness of time that some lusty young Philistine, stung to madness by taunts, retaliates with strong, unpolished terms of abuse, and proceeds to administer to the tyrant a most unmerciful drubbing. The world is but a larger school. For a decade or so, Mr. Bernard Shaw has tyrannised, by sheer force of intellect, over a considerable portion of the English-speaking world. He has exposed our follies (for this we thank him). But he has gone farther. He has jeered at our deep-seated principles, at our sense of decency and of reverence. As an iconoclast, he has done greater damage than all his tribe. He has smashed the image of Shakespeare, and mounted in its place the image of—Shaw.

These things are hard to forgive. So, when a lusty Philistine, hiding his identity under the letter "Z," castigates Shaw in *Blackwood's Magazine*, we cannot refrain from merriment. The fierce invectives contained in this article recall those earlier days of letters when the pen was used as a bludgeon. The cartoonists of Grub Street hit no harder than "Z." And yet instead of grieving at this onslaught we are compelled to laugh—and again to laugh. There is much human nature packed into the terse phrase, "The biter bit."

Copyright *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. Seymour Hicks in a "Miner" part

During his recent tour with the *Beauty of Bath* Company, Mr. Seymour Hicks (in the centre) paid a visit to Colonel Allen's coal mine at Cudworth, near Leeds. He is here shown when about to make the descent down the shaft, which is 2,400 ft. deep. Despite his disguise, however, he could not possibly be mistaken for anyone but Mr. Seymour Hicks

LYCEUM THEATRE

"The Midnight Wedding"

The present lessees of the Lyceum Theatre continue their career of prosperity. They have a well-defined policy, the chief object and aim of which is to provide novelty and yet again novelty. The ordinary manager, having acquired a success, runs it to death. Messrs. Smith and Carpenter realise that changes of bill attract new patrons. So *Her Love Against the World*, while still drawing well, has been replaced by *The Midnight Wedding*. Here is good rousing melodrama with thrills galore. In one scene, the villain, Captain Rudolph von Scarsbruck, climbs up on to the balcony leading to the Princess Astrea's chamber, and the hero, Paul Valmar, climbs rapidly after him. As I saw them grope for the "rungs" hidden by the ivy I fell into a reverie. A small boy I was, watching with breathless excitement Bill Terriss clambering down the rocks (or was it up?) in *Harbour Lights* by means of these same useful aids to stage climbing. Even in those days one had an unholy curiosity to know how it was done. For when breath returned to me it was to say, "There must be something there for him to hold on to."

The new melodrama is effectively played—rather too effectively in some cases. This style of play calls, of course, for broad methods. But the same rules hold good in melodrama as they do in tragedy or comedy; as they do in running a distance race, in any prolonged effort where stamina is required. The golden rule in these cases is: Do not force the pace at the start. If Miss Norah Kerin had borne this maxim in mind she would greatly have improved

the artistic value of her performance. But in the very first scene she gave us all the power she possessed. Not that for this reason she was left with insufficient energy to play the subsequent scenes, but that if she had held something in reserve we should have been more impressed by her exposition of power in the later scenes.

Mr. Norman Partriege was mercifully less "robustious" in his methods than the usual hero of melodrama. The comic relief, it is a pleasure to record, was really comic. The episode of the three brave Red Hussars, all in love with the same young maiden, is capitally played by Messrs. S. Major Jones, Harry Barford, and Mr. Gus Oxley. The "business" of these three gentlemen evoked roars of laughter. It is a pity that they should have spun out their first scene to such a length. There is just a little too much of it. Mr. Oxley has the chance of a fine exit with the bouquet and chocolates bought for the fair innkeeper's daughter by his discomfited comrades, who are compelled to stay behind on guard. By delaying this exit, he loses the full effect of it.

ADELPHI THEATRE

"A Tragedy of Truth"

Not lightly does one hurry through the last stages of dinner for the sake of the ordinary curtain-raiser. But those playgoers have been short-sighted who have missed seeing *A Tragedy of Truth*, by Miss Rosamund Langbridge. It is an exceedingly strong little play of Irish life, so realistically written as almost to have caused a riot upon its production in Dublin. It tells of a young man forced to the side of a girl by the black arts of her mother. The spell cast upon him hides from his sight the red hair and plain countenance of his betrothed. The spell fails, and the deceived lover kills the girl with the knife with which he had cut the wedding-cake. It is a tragedy in one act, which ranks with the best of its class, even with *Little Italy*, so powerfully played by Mrs. Fiske. E. C. S.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE

Electra, a wonderfully pretty little ballet, has lately been included in the Alhambra programme. Its charm lies chiefly in the clever electrical effects obtained. The scene is laid in a woodland glade, and the dancers give one the impression of hundreds of fireflies flitting about. It is quite marvellous the amount of little lamps each girl contrives to conceal about her person. Twinkling lights gleam from her hair, from her bodice, and from her (more or less) transparent petticoats. The *première danseuse* is Signorina Morino, and some delightful music has been composed by Mr. George W. Byng. The mysterious Zancigs have returned to amaze. The principal ballet, *Queen of Spades*, has gone into a second edition, with Signorina Maria Bordin in the chief part, and other newcomers are the Five Whiteleys, Carl Lynn, Les Gignac, Rakoczy Sextette, and the Yiulian's Family.

THE HIPPODROME

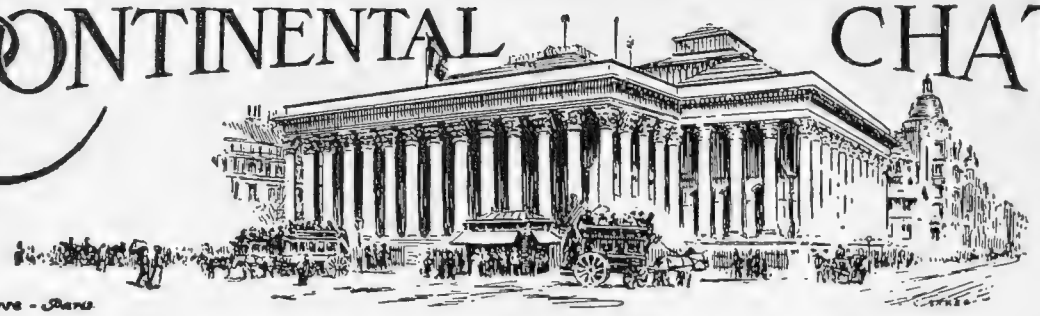
On Monday afternoon, a new spectacle, entitled the *Zuyder Zee*, was produced at the Hippodrome. Among the remaining items in the programme is Maude Rochez and her Variety Theatre, entirely controlled, both as to performers and musicians, by monkeys. A funnier turn could not easily be imagined. The solemn monkey conductor, at the ring of the stage-manager's bell, turns over his music, raps loudly with his bâton upon his music-desk, and then proceeds to conduct his monkey orchestra with a look of bored indifference upon his face as turn succeeds turn—monkey trapezists, monkey ballet-dancers, and monkey comedians. R. M.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Lily Elsie, who has scored such a great success in the title-rôle of "The Merry Widow" at Daly's Theatre

Since Londoners first saw her as the Princess in *A Chinese Honeymoon* at the Strand Theatre, a part she played during almost the entire run of the piece, she has been eminently successful in all the rôles allotted to her, notably in *Lady Madcap*, *The Little Michus*, and latterly as Lally in *The New Aladdin*

CONTINENTAL CHAT



The Kaiser as a Greek Landlord

The Kaiser is to be congratulated on becoming the possessor of the beautiful Achilleon on the island of Corfu, which belonged formerly to the Empress Elisabeth. There are persons who suppose that political reasons prompted him to make this purchase; but, were this the case, surely he would not have taken so long to make up his mind? After the death of the late Empress, Francis Joseph decided that this summer residence should never again be used by his family, and he suggested that the Castle should be converted into either an hôtel or a sanatorium. Fortunately, this is not to be, for the ill-fated lady dearly loved her island home, and, especially towards the end of her life, she prolonged more and more her visits there. It was the only method of escaping from the Court etiquette from which she suffered so constantly, and the terrible sorrow which won her the epithet of "Martyr Queen."

* * *

Its Late Owner

The Empress rarely had guests to stay with her at Corfu; she liked to see as few people as possible. Accompanied only by the Greek secretary who recently published her life, and who revised her poems, the Empress used to take daily walks about the island, and to speak Greek to her companion. Rarely did she ride in Corfu. Her favourite excursion was to the Rose Valley—a wide dell, where olive, lemon, and orange trees, covered with roses, grow to profusion, and at the end of which stands, almost at right angles, Mount Pelleca. The Empress's Palace is at Gastouri; it stands very high up, but the garden descends in terraces to the sea. It was decorated and furnished according to the Royal lady's taste. She seems to have turned to Greek mythology for most of her inspirations, although in several of the rooms—the dining-room especially—angels holding coloured lights are to be seen. In the park which surrounds the castle are several marble busts: there is Heine in the pavilion, erected to the memory of the Empress's favourite poet; there is Achilles, and the beloved Rudolf—a magnificent piece of work. After the terrible death of the son and heir, this bust was sent back to Austria. The King of Greece also has an estate on the island of Corfu, "Mon Repos," where several members of the Greek Royal family stay every year.

Photo *Hamilton*

Sir Henry Howard

British Minister at The Hague, where the Peace Conference is now being held

* * *

The Peace Conference

The third Peace Conference opened last week at The Hague. Every Government in the world except two South American Republics have sent representatives, and 140 delegates are, together, endeavouring to get rid of the terrible scourge of war. To-day, all those interested in the peace of the world have their eyes turned to the city of which Dutchmen are so proud. The calm, quiet town looks as if it had suddenly awakened from a long sleep, and had found an army besieging it in the name of Peace.

I notice that people are again, in their pretty, prattling way, talking of the Peace Conference as a novelty among Utopian ideals. Dear, dear! As if the dream of Peace were not as old as the lust of war itself. It is war's inevitable corollary, and has been so in every age. Did not the great Napoleon himself babble of peace? Did not the third Napoleon say, "*L'Empire, c'est la Paix*," which lent itself brilliantly to *Punch's* famous gibe, "*L'Empire, c'est l'Epée*"? Had we not a surfeit of Pacificism in the early days of Victoria, which took the form of the terrible Crystal Palace and of the Manchester school of politics, that eternal bugbear of the Empire? Oddly enough, too, it was in the very year 1870 that a French Foreign Minister, Count Daru, tried to summon a Peace Conference, and even to invite Bismarck's co-operation therein, with a measure of success that the next few months made terribly apparent. It is an unpleasant thought, but one which history justifies, that only too often has much talk of peace been the prelude to years of war. Heaven send that the present gathering at The Hague is no such evil harbinger!

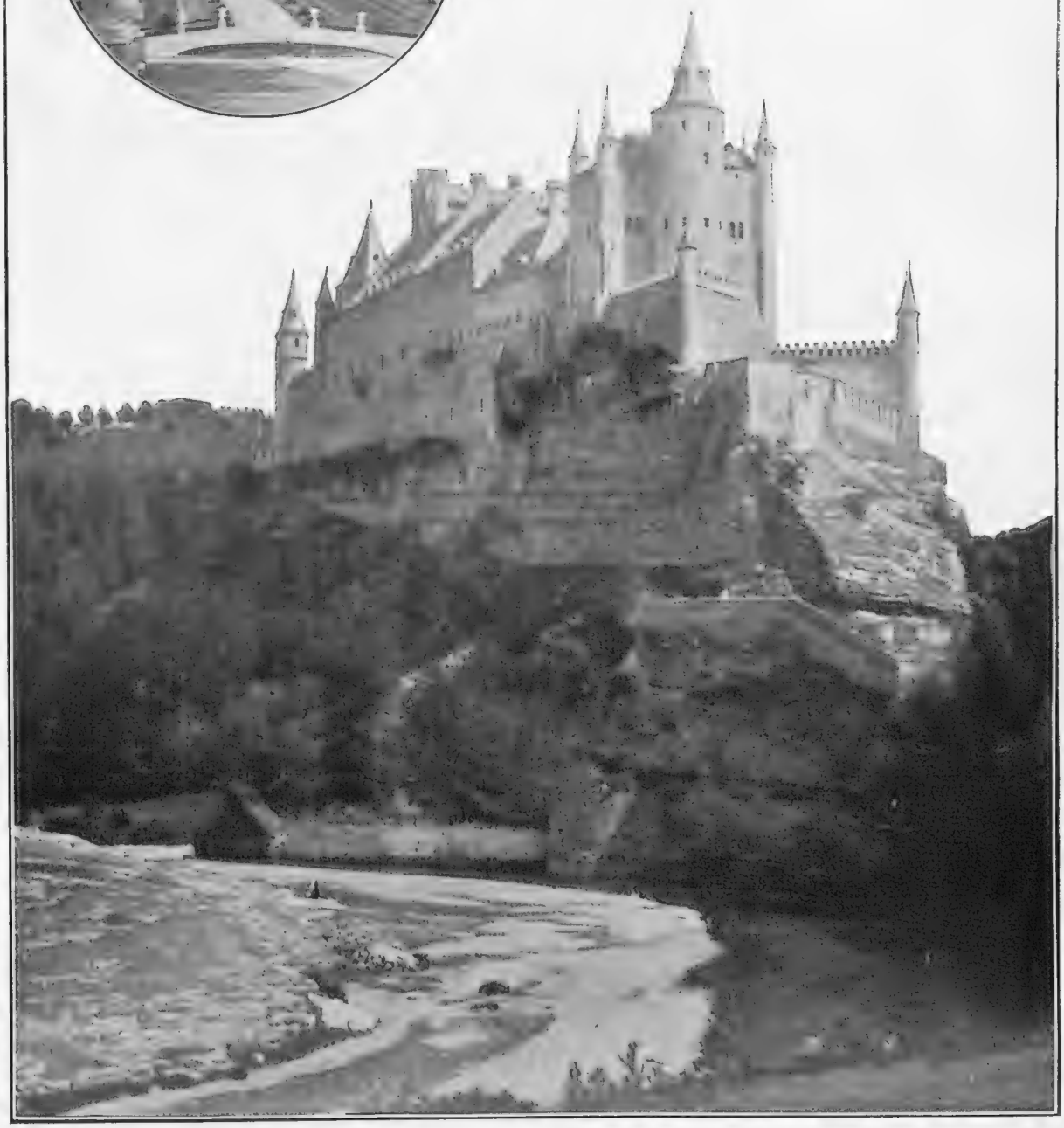
The Conference this year is to be held at Binnenhof, which is very much larger than the "House in the

Castles in Spain

SEGOVIA—WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER SON ARE NOW IN RETREAT

La Granja: The Front Façade

The Versailles of the Spanish Royal House. It was built by Philip V. in the eighteenth century, and was designed to eclipse Versailles in splendour. Every year the Court removes thither for the summer months. It was the scene of the Royal honeymoon last year



THE ALCAZAR AT SEGOVIA

One of King Alfonso s Royal castles. It was designed in the eleventh century by Alfonso the Learned, and stands at the top of a magnificent rock, overlooking a ravine. The exterior of the castle is most imposing. Observe the buttresses and turrets, in the centre of which rises a square tower, also flanked with turrets, once used as a State dungeon. The interior was the work of Gotho-Moorish artificers of the fourteenth century. The Alcazar was destroyed by fire in 1862, but was restored after twenty-five years

Wood," where the delegates sat in 1905. The building is of rather a curious shape, having a *corps de logis* greatly resembling a church. In the park surrounding the castle is to be seen a fine large pond, and on it swim some of the finest swans in the world. Queen Wilhelmina returned to her palace at The Hague in order to welcome the foreign delegates, and after having given a reception, to which they were all invited, M. Van Goudiaan, Minister of Foreign Affairs, opened the Conference in her name. It is difficult at present to say exactly how the different delegates will employ the time that is not spent at the Conference. Dinners will be given by most of the diplomats, the Marine Minister and Dr. Kuyper, who are two of the best-known hosts in the town. It is doubtful whether the Scheveningen Golf Club will be patronised as much as was expected. Dr. Kuyper takes no official part in the Conference this year, and considering his great intelligence, the fact is regrettable. He has one of the most brilliant and fertile minds in Holland to-day, but both his opinions and his manner of expressing them are so decided that for the sake of diplomacy his great capacity has to be overlooked. On religious questions, temperance, and many other subjects, he is fanatical, and in order to show his Puritan ideas to Society, his daughters must always attend smart evening parties in high-necked dresses.

* * *

The British Element at the Conference

Sir Henry Howard, the popular British Minister at The Hague, who has the largest house in the city, assisted by Lady Howard and his two daughters, is to entertain a great deal, and there is just the chance that after the Conference the latter may not remain unmarried very long. The Russian Ambassador in Paris has been elected President of the Assembly. It is possible that the Pacificists will grapple with and not evade the difficulties as they did at the first Conference. Of the British delegates chosen this year, Lord Reay is probably the only one who has any special knowledge of the questions which will be submitted for adjustment. Sir Edward Fry is a distinguished English jurist. Sir Ernest Satow is a diplomatist and, possibly, our leading authority on the Far East. His appointment to represent his country at The Hague Conference, however, is one of those riddles which British appointments often suggest. Why are there no "Specialists"? A number of men well-known in connection with International Law Reform, and who are perfectly "safe," might have been chosen, including Sir Thomas Barclay, Professor Westlake, and Sir John Macdonell.

* * *

The Smartest of Paris Sportive Meetings

Without doubt, the Drags' Meeting at Auteuil is the smartest sportive meeting of the year. Taking place on the Friday before the Grand Prix, it is patronised by the *élite* of Parisian and Cosmopolitan Society, and one has not to put up with the terrible inconveniences of the Sunday crowd. The toilettes, too, are just as smart. The great attraction at the Grand Prix this year was the presence of the King and Queen of Denmark, who gave a certain *éclat* to the assembly—the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the great race in Paris. Among those present were the Duc de Noailles, Duc de Luynes, Princesse Murat, Comte Henry d'Yanville, Prince Orloff, Duc de Morny, Princesse de Broglie, Duchesse d'Uzès, and many others. With the Grand Prix ends the Paris Season; already many have left the Gay Capital.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Coaching in Paris: Starting for the Drags' Meeting at Auteuil, the smartest sportive meeting of the year

The festival takes place on the Friday before the Grand Prix, and is patronised by the *élite* of Paris Society

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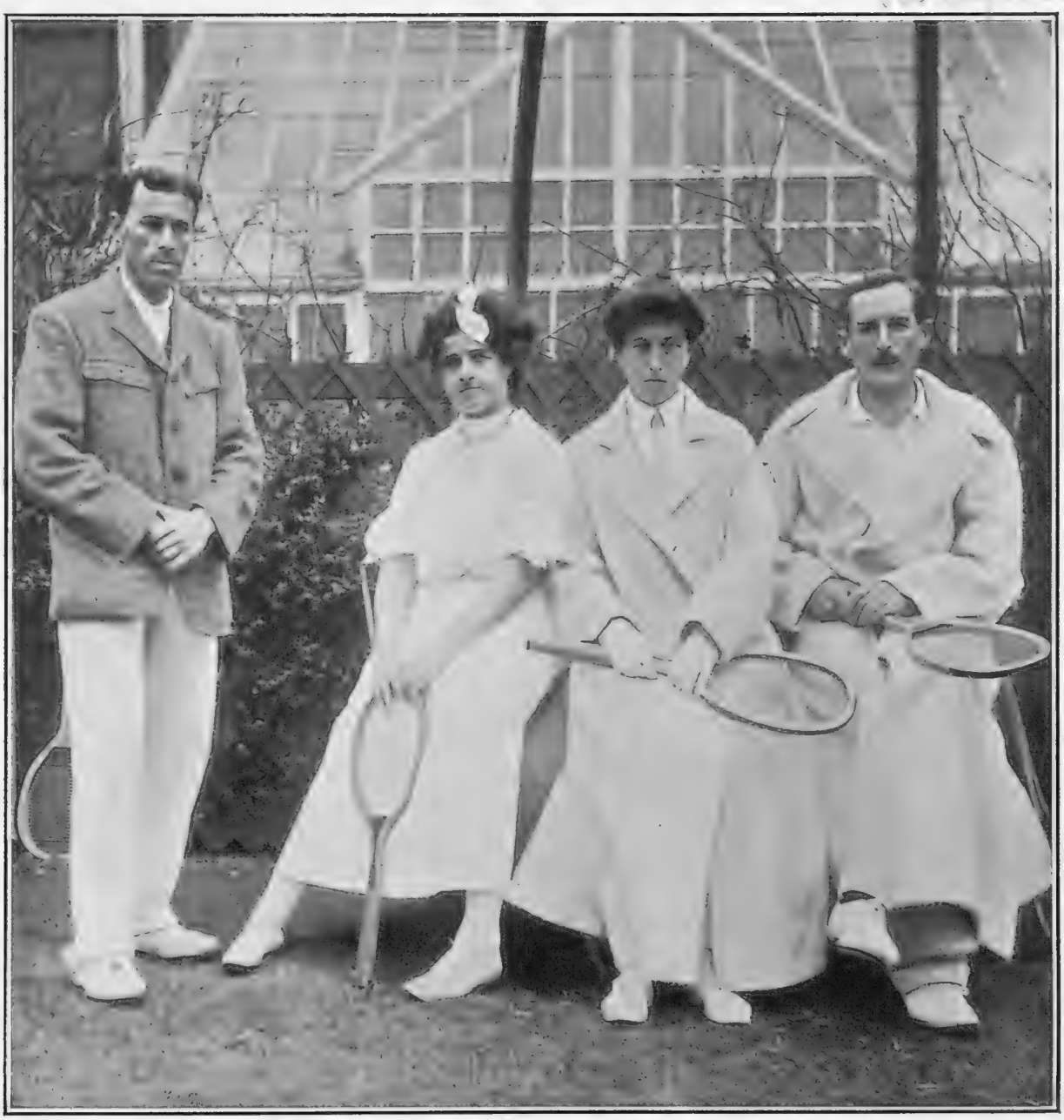

AN INTERESTING GROUP AT THORPE SATCHVILLE

Mr. Norman Brookes, Miss May Sutton, Mrs. Hillyard, and Mr. Hillyard at the Leicestershire home of the last named

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A FEW POINTS

By H. S. SCRIVENER

This article, which sums up the form and chances of the more prominent competitors, will be found a useful guide by visitors to Wimbledon

Lawn tennis is a game which has spread so rapidly all over the world that the presence of Colonial and foreign players at Wimbledon has come to be regarded as a matter of course.

Two years ago, Norman Brookes, the Australian Champion, won the All-Comers' Singles, and was only beaten by our own Champion, H. L. Doherty, in the Challenge Round. This year, in the absence of H. L. Doherty, it is only natural that Brookes should occupy the position of first favourite. His chief source of strength is his service and the subtle way in which he varies its pace, and the nature of the spin which he imparts to the ball; added to which he is a powerful and persistent volleyer. Off the court you can tell him by his blue blanket coat, and on it by his little trick of twiddling his racket round in his hands while waiting for the delivery of the service. A player of much the same type is Beals Wright, another fine server and volleyer. Two years ago they met—not in the Championship, but in the Davis Cup—and Wright, then U.S.A. Champion, was the winner, after a long and very tight match. It remains to be seen whether Wright has recovered sufficiently from the set-back occasioned by his last year's accident to hold his own against an opponent who, if anything, has improved in the meantime. Behr, another American, is making his trial trip to England, but enough is known about him to show that he cannot by any means be ignored. Moreover, he is an all-round athlete—a good man at several other things besides lawn tennis.

A. F. Wilding and the Austrians

It is difficult to realise that New Zealand's youthful, but distinguished representative, A. F. Wilding, is not one of ourselves, for we have had him with us (more or less) for several seasons past, and in these days, when the Rhodes Scholars of Oxford are so much to the fore in all games, Cambridge can at any rate claim to have fostered a lawn tennis International who might, if the Fates had otherwise willed, have been a cricket Blue as well. He is a fine server and a hard hitter; while his ground strokes are rendered extremely difficult to cope with by reason of the forward spin which he imparts to the ball. It is two years since I last saw the two Austrians, Kinzl and Von Wesseley, play. They made a distinctly good pair in Doubles, but in Singles their game was a little too dashing to be really sound. However, if they have steadied down a bit in the meantime, they will have to be reckoned with.

This Country's Representatives

With our own men I must, of necessity, deal more briefly. It is a pity that H. L. Doherty, Smith, and Riseley—to say nothing of R. F. Doherty, who would probably, in any case, only play with his brother in the Doubles—are all absentees, for I regard them as our three best. We are really relying on our second strings, and of these I am inclined to take Gore, Roper Barrett, and Ritchie as the best. Gore is really a marvel. He has been playing—and playing well—for quite twenty years, and the wonder is that he stands where he does to-day. Like Smith, he is a living example of the efficacy of really sound base-line play. He is a bad beginner, and the effort entailed in making up for this in the middle of a match often proves his undoing in the end. Roper Barrett is (like Gore) a busy man, and, at the time of writing, it is uncertain whether he will be able to compete. If he is, he will go into court short of practice, perhaps, but equipped with all the armour of an old campaigner. Barrett, unlike most lawn tennis players, invariably wears a cap while playing. Ritchie is, and probably always will be, an unknown quantity. He is one of the few men who have beaten H. L. Doherty, and yet he has been beaten by men who couldn't beat "H. L." In short, he is a man who is likely to realise our hopes rather than fulfil our expectations. Lastly, let us keep an eye on Dr. Eaves, an essentially clever player if ever there was one. Although nearly as much a veteran as Gore, he is playing this season as well as he has ever played in his life, and at Leicester the other day he only just had the worst of a three-set match with Brookes.

A Typical Crowd at the All-England Championships

WIMBLEDON WEEK: LAWN

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

S. N. Doust
(Australia)

The centre illustration shows a match between H. L. Doherty and Norman Brookes, with Doherty making one of his characteristically neat backhanders. Round the margin are four of the most noted of our foreign invaders

A MATCH IN PROGRESS ON

Beals C. Wright
(Ex-champion U.S.A.)

TENNIS AS A SPECTACLE

THE FAMOUS CENTRE COURT

A. F. Wilding
(New Zealand)

This year the spectators will miss the enjoyment of watching H. L. Doherty's graceful strokes and wonderful activity; but Norman Brookes, the doughty Australian, whose play caused such a sensation in 1905, is again with us

Photo Halftones, Ltd.

N. E. Brookes
(Australia)

Norman Brookes: The Man and the Player

BY A. WALLIS MYERS

Of all the bright stars shining in the Wimbledon firmament during the present week, none will draw so many telescopes as that baldly labelled, in the programme, "N. E. Brookes." Other players have come to the homeland from the Colonies with reputations almost as great as his; they have not sustained them, or, at any rate, they have not proved superior to their English opponents. Norman Brookes is quite different. He first came to this country in 1905, almost untrumpeted. A few who had visited Melbourne within the past five years had spoken eloquently of his prowess; but they had not prepared us for the sensational *début* which the dexterous left-hander was to make on English courts. "Over-raters" are not uncommon in the lawn tennis world, but here was a clear case of an "under-rater." Only the incomparable Doherty could stop his victorious career at Wimbledon in 1905, and that was at the last trench of all. Who will check him this year I am not prepared to say, and I should like to meet the man who is.

In his native Victoria, Norman Brookes is known as a "Cabbage Gardener." Do not imagine he has a municipal allotment near Melbourne, and goes about without a collar. Brookes is a "Cabbage Gardener" because he plays (and wins) for Victoria in the Inter-State matches against New South Wales, the members of whose team are known as "Cornstalks.' Another little-known fact about the potential champion is that he is related by marriage to Mr. Deakin, the Commonwealth Premier — or rather his brother is. The latter married the Prime Minister's daughter; but this fact has nothing to do with the keen attachment, both socially and politically, which exists between the Deakin and the Brookes families.

Watching this stern-jawed, imperturbable Colonial in court, the onlooker might well get the impression that he never thaws—that life to him is a very serious occupation, trimmed with no frivolity or romance. But get him to yourself in a motor-car or a private billiard-room. He will not bubble over with mirth, it is true, and there is just a touch of austerity and even aloofness in his manner; but the mantle of reserve falls off by and by, and a frank and genial personality is revealed. Self-confidence he possesses to a marked degree—it is his key-note. He believes he can win the Lawn Tennis Championship at Wimbledon just as strongly as he believed he could win the highest honours in Australia, and he is pretty sure about the Davis Cup too. Arrogance, you say! Not at all The man who steps into a lawn tennis court convinced that he will win—well, it means half the battle. The other half Brookes can supply with his own prowess with the racket.

As to that kicking service of his, do not imagine he has always possessed it. Its acquisition cost its owner months of inexorable practice — the striving after, and the perfecting of, an ideal. When he first leapt into fame he was a pyrotechnic player, chiefly celebrated for a dynamic fore-hand drive—a reckless, stormy stroke that either scored or soared. His service then was hot, but it was baked with a flat racket; moreover, it was a one-brand service. Enterprise and determination have worked the change. Instead of one stock, he can now command four or five, and each is as efficacious on the one side of the net as the other. How many aces Brookes has won outright by his "devilish" deliveries no one could say, but they are probably greater in number than those captured by any other player in the world.

"Tell me," I once asked him, "about your grass courts in the South. Are they as good as ours here?"

"Much about the same. Our best are as good as your best. Your next best are a little better than our next best. Those at Melbourne, where the Inter-State Championship is contested, are quite sound and true—yes, as right as Wimbledon. But bear in mind we play on hard courts much more than we do on grass. Right up to the Championships we hammer each other on asphalte. You express surprise? Well, we manage to get into pretty good trim, we never get a false bound, and we are practically indifferent to the weather. That is a great deal."

I gathered that tournaments are not the weekly carnivals they are in this country. The long distance which separates one tennis centre from another militates against a big fixture-card, even were it not a fact that the Colonial's innate desire for competition finds its happiest realisation in team matches—in collective rather than in individual effort. Perhaps the greatest event of the Australian lawn tennis year is the match between Victoria and New South Wales, held alternatively in Melbourne and Sydney. Norman Brookes has been a shining light at these keen fights for many years. Indeed, in Melbourne, they speak his name with bated breath. He may not be as popular with the crowd as "Gus" Kearney—the merriest and truest sportsman in Victoria — was; for there is not the same mental sympathy with multitudes about Brookes. But the other "Cabbage Gardeners" revere his powers, and they are pretty well convinced that he is the greatest and most versatile exponent of lawn tennis that ever lived.

The second golfer in Victoria, soon to be the first; a deft cueist, an excellent shot; perfectly easy in the saddle, and on intimate terms with horses and dogs; a man with decided views on many subjects, of swift decision, and warm blood; a hater of shams and idle fancies; a non-smoker and practically a teetotaler; a friend unyielding in devotion, but not a man to make friends quickly or even eagerly; a man with "fight" in every fibre—such is Norman Brookes.

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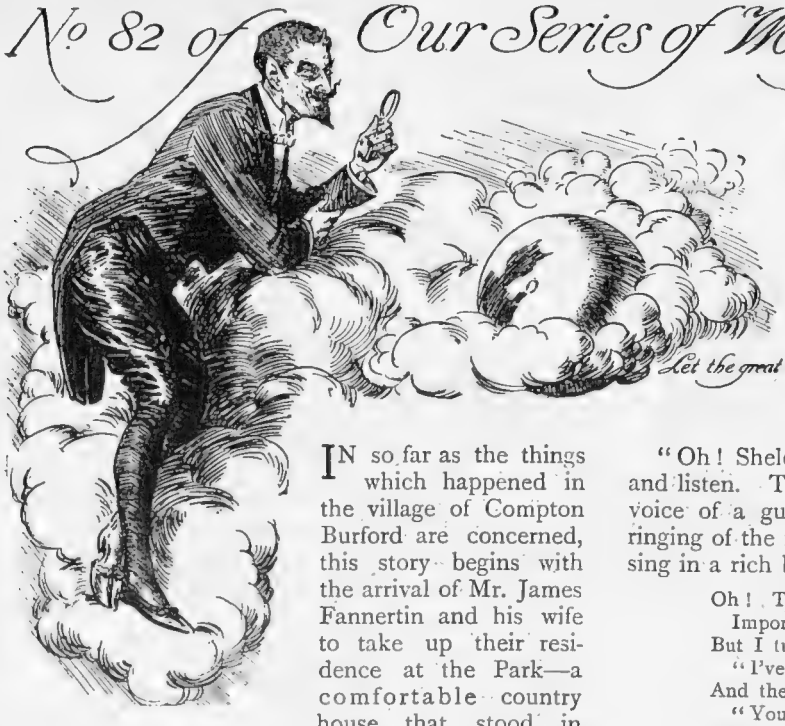

The Woman Who Would Have Forgiven

By BERTRAM ATKEY

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

IN so far as the things which happened in the village of Compton Burford are concerned, this story begins with the arrival of Mr. James Fannertin and his wife to take up their residence at the Park—a comfortable country house that stood in some twenty acres of grounds and park-lands.

Fannertin was not more than thirty-five. He seemed to have money and a decent disposition, which is all that can reasonably be expected from most men. And his wife was perfect. Of the ivory-complexioned, dark-haired, slender type, she took immediately and unostentatiously a seat on the top wave of local popularity. She was a little reserved and quiet, and there could be no doubt that she was very much in love with her husband—which was pleasant. She was accustomed to drive a dainty little runabout car, and the poor of the place worshipped her. So throughout the winter. After Christmas they went away to travel, and two months later Fannertin reappeared alone. He discharged no servants, but gave them to understand that Mrs. Fannertin would not return. Then he abandoned all friendships, save that of one Ricardo Wattle, a student at the Compton Burford Agricultural College, a worldly youth of some twenty-three summers who was loafing in the country until a tantalising inheritance should fall to him at twenty-five.

Nearly a year after his first appearance, Fannertin, riding a wild-looking horse along the road to his house, encountered Wattle lazily cycling towards the place where they foolishly aspired to make a passable estate agent of him.

"Ah, Fannertin!" said Ricardo, stopping, "been on the downs?"

"Look at the *Oaf*, my Ricardo." Fannertin indicated the foam on his horse.

"I see." Wattle shrugged his shoulders, looking narrowly at the dark, brooding face of the other.

"I'll come and have dinner at your place," he continued. "D'you mind?"

"Hate the thought of it—but you'd be so thundering miserable alone that the very thought of you would spoil my dinner anywhere."

"Come on, then." Wattle swung round his machine.

There was a cottage half hidden by trees ahead of them, and from somewhere under these trees there came suddenly, like the sound of some little live thing laughing to itself, the wiry giggle of a mandoline.

"Who's that?" asked Fannertin quickly.

"Oh! Sheldon Lee. Don't hurry. Stop a second and listen. There goes Everard!" The measured voice of a guitar swept leisurely after the agitated ringing of the mandoline, and then someone began to sing in a rich baritone:

> Oh! The desert wind it called behind,
> Importunate after me,
> But I turned my head and I laughed and said,
> "I've a call to cross the sea!"
> And the desert wind it crooned behind,
> "You know not what you'll lack,
> But you will learn, and so—return!"
> And—the next year I went back!

Two voices swung into a buoyant chorus:—

> Man values not what he has got
> Until it's thrown away,
> But when it's gone he'll ponder on
> Its beauties night and day;
> Till he will wake to his mistake
> And grievously bemoan
> For that, through haste and heedless waste,
> His cupboard lacks a bone!

The mandoline giggled self-consciously and the guitar drummed. It was like a grave and austere man pursuing a particularly frivolous girl. Fannertin's hand dropped heavily on Wattle's shoulder.

"That's Henry Everard—the war correspondent—singing. He's staying with Lee," volunteered Wattle, turning; and then he saw that his friend's face was the colour of pearls—of black pearls.

"Oh, I say! What frightful luck! Don't mind, old man; it's only some doggerel of Lee's festooned with his own idea of an accompaniment. Everard's just back from some howling wilderness, and I suppose it's specially knocked up in his honour!"

"But it is *true!* '*Man values not what he has got*'—*how* does the infernal thing go?" His brows were like a great black paint-mark across his forehead. The voice of Everard was joyously uplifted:

> The blue sea cried "Now stay beside
> These coral cliffed lagoons,
> The palms——"

"Oh, I'm sick of this——" said Wattle, impatiently. "Let's ask 'em for a drink. We can't go up the road with that stuff trailing after us. I know 'em. They're good chaps, and—it'll stop 'em." He opened the gate and Fannertin got down, hitched his bridle over the gate-post, and followed him into the garden.

Two collarless men sat on a patch of sere lawn in folding chairs that were drawn up to a very second-hand iron *café* table which bore a pitcher of beer and tumblers.

"I've brought in a man who owns a motor," announced Ricardo Wattle, serenely. "He's frightfully thirsty—and he hardly ever uses the motor. His name is Fannertin, and he lives at the Park. He is fond of beer—if it's cool!"

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Sit down, Mr. Fannertin." A fair, thinnish individual in shirt-sleeves got up, putting his mandoline on the table. "My name is Lee, and I am *always* glad to meet a neighbour who owns a motor—which he rarely uses." He waved a brown hand towards the singer, a man of about Fannertin's own age, "This is Henry Everard—'The Man of the Moment!'"

"A thirst," said 'The Man of the Moment,' "is an asset—a motor is a liability. Let us dwell upon Mr. Fannertin's assets rather than upon his liabilities!" There was a twinkle in Everard's eyes that Fannertin liked.

"You'll get on with these people—with luck," commented Wattle, pouring out two tumblers of cool beer.

They laughed and drank.

They talked for a while as men, meeting under similar circumstances, usually talk, until presently there laboured from the house a reasonably stout old lady with a clouded brow, whispering:

"Beg pardon, Mis' Lee, but th' beer's out an' Ford 'as not yet brung th' fresh bar'l from th' station. Moreover, young Brown 'as fergot th' lettuce again—no salad." Her sorrows lifted her voice, for she prided herself upon her housekeeping, so that Fannertin heard. Wattle was already looking at him through the dusky sunset.

"Then I wish very much that you men would try your luck at my house to-night? Wattle's promised, and—there will be salad!" said Fannertin, a little eagerly.

Henry Everard rose, calm, portly, relieved.

"You are the second edition of the Good Samaritan. A man must have salad these days," he said.

. . . . . .

"This is the hour which God had in mind when He mapped out the Universe," said Everard, "the other hours He hurried over in His enthusiasm."

The four sat on a broad terrace overlooking a smooth stretch of lawn. They had dined, and three cigars and a cigarette gave up slow, grey smoke that wove gauzy patterns in the moonlight.

"A man dreams of his youth on a night like this," he continued.

"Depends on the youth he spent," suggested Lee.

"Misspent, you mean." Wattle lazily handed out his correction.

There was a well-fed silence, broken anon by Lee, drowsily humming—

Man values not what he has got
Until it's thrown away——

Then Fannertin turned round and said, speaking thickly, for he had been drinking, "That is the only true song I ever heard in my life!"

"Thrown away something, then?" asked Everard, lightly, and Ricardo Wattle rose from his chair stiffly, like a mechanical thing.

"*Only my wife!*"

Lee suddenly stopped humming. The resentful pain in Fannertin's voice was unmistakable; it was as though an angry woman had sobbed behind his chair. Henry Everard leaned forward, each hand gripping a chair arm, and looked very intently at his host.

"My dear chap, I beg your pardon. I had no idea—oh, Wattle should have dropped a hint——"

Fannertin swung out his arm heavily.

"Don't mind," he said, and helped himself to whisky. "Don't mind—but fill up!"

"What queer devils you writing people are," said Fannertin, suddenly. "You seem to deal with truths that everybody knows and few realise."

"Stock-in-trade," murmured Lee, and Fannertin turned glowing eyes upon him.

"*You*, for instance—you can't be more than twenty-four, and yet you appear to have realised a truth that a few months ago I had not noticed. Realised it so thoroughly that you have written a song round it. It's queer——" he drooped his head. Then he looked up suddenly, speaking passionately to Everard.

"You know, if I'd heard someone singing that song a few months ago there would have been women with us to-night—my wife among them." He gulped his whisky thirstily, as Everard rose. "No, sit down—because I want to tell you how it happened." There was that in his voice which sounded very like entreaty.

"Wattle—a good old chap—Wattle knows, and says it will end like the fairy stories—happy ever after. I want to know what you think—you have seen so much death, so many terrible things—have done things. Look here, what do you think about it? Did you ever have a mistress?"

Silhouetted against the gold light of the billiard-room, Lee shrugged a shoulder.

"Yes, yes!" Everard's voice was suddenly gentle. "How many men—sufficiently wealthy—have not at some time of their lives?" Fannertin made a queer gesture with both hands, spreading them out, palms up.

"Well, then, you will know how difficult it is to break with her when the time comes—if a man is not just a hound. *You* know." It was strange to see how he took Everard's knowledge for granted. "It is not only just—money—after all—if the girl really does like you; for afterwards, when you are married, and you love your wife more than—well, more than any other woman, you think about her crying all alone in the flat, eh?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" said Everard, softly.

"Of course, it's just pity—but you hate yourself for it, all the same; and a man's a hound who doesn't wish to—who doesn't make an effort to make some sort of amends, though God knows how," drearily. "But it's all right—all right—if you don't go near her. Never go back and tell her you are sorry, or you're done—done for. And I went back—to tell her how I felt about it—to try and help in some way other than just money. Quite deliberate, level-headed, I was; but she gave me some sweet, devilish wine—she asked me to toast her, don't you know—for the last time—and she cried. God! how she cried. I—I seemed to go exactly at the dangerous moment—at the perilous time. She had on a loose tea-gown sort of thing—red silk. . . . And I—it was the wine, for I loathe sweet champagne—the wine, and the tears—I was done for. Weak—weak—weak as water!" He threw back his head, and his eyes blazed in the moonlight. "And I am not a weak man—by God! I am not a weak man; but that woman in a red silk thing made a little kid of me—a little weak kid. And I did not love her—I was only sorry for her—she cried and gave me wine!"

Fannertin's voice grew hushed. "Well, you know, my wife saw me no more that night—and some kind friend ferretted out the facts and told her. Look here!" his hand leaped out like a leopard's claw, "if I knew who told her—man or woman—I'd kill them. She never meant any harm to my wife. I looked at her in the dawn—sleeping—so helpless. *She* never meant any harm. It was just me. What she could

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The Understudy Case

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Ethel Newman, who was awarded £300 damages in the recent understudy case

Miss Newman, who had been understudying Miss Edna May in *The Belle of Mayfair* at the Vaudeville, contended that when Miss Edna May relinquished her part, it should have been given to her, instead of which it was assumed by Miss Phyllis Dare. The jury decided that a breach of contract had occurred, and awarded the plaintiff £300 damages. A stay of execution, however, has been granted pending an appeal

(*Continued from page 674*)

see to love in a black, louring thing like me, I don't know. But my wife went away when I spoke the truth—the naked truth. I thought she would understand. What was the good of lying? I've been North—Helen, my wife, went North—and I've written scores of times, but she won't come back. She will never come back!" It sounded lamentably like the wail of a distressed child.

Everard stood up, throwing away his cold cigar.

"But, my unlucky old chap, she will! She will return—be very sure of that!" He glanced for the fraction of a second at the decanter at Fannertin's elbow. "Be worth it," he added in no more than a whisper.

. . . . .

Noon of the following day found Lee and Ricardo Wattle lounging at a little wooden table under the big chestnut tree that shadowed the porch of the Bull Inn.

They were watching Fannertin and Henry Everard riding towards them. Fannertin seemed to desire the friendship of Everard, and had pressed him to have a gallop on the downs that morning.

The two came up, and, after greetings, were quenching their thirst, when a big Lanchester car, borne grandly on a swollen cloud of white dust, sailed down upon them and eased up at the door of the inn. There were four women aboard her, and a leathern chauffeur.

"Hold that horse," shouted someone, for Everard's mount was fretfully expressing his disapproval of cars, and three men rushed to persuade him that all was well.

So that they did not see how James Fannertin stiffened as he watched the girl in the front seat step to the ground; how her glance under the big motor hat changed to a still, white, intent scrutiny; how her gloved hands moved out, circling effetely and without purpose; nor hear her dry whisper, "You!"

The woman recovered herself first, of course, and before her friends were out of the car she was advancing upon him smoothly.

"Mr. Fannertin! Are you *real?*" They shook hands. "Ah! I feel that you are real flesh and blood, and no provincial ghost!" Her low laugh was very strained, but none save Fannertin heard the pain in it.

She introduced her friends, all actresses. A chorus rose.

"Isn't that Mazeppa called Henry Everard—why, and Sheldon Lee. Oh! I say, this is altogether too silly! There are ghosts. This is not Compton Burford—it's London. Come hither, come hither, my little rustics. Have you not big brothers in London town named Sheldon Lee and *Mister* Henry Everard? How do you do? How are you? Oh! this is absurd. We have run down from town and have ordered lunch here—at the Bull Inn, of Compton Burford. But how do *you* happen to be here?"

Beauty in excitement craved particulars, but could not stay to hear them.

'Please wait, and tell them to serve lunch for one, two, three—four," Ricardo bowed, "eight altogether," said a copper-haired vision, and vanished into the inn. Everard turned to Fannertin, who smiled gravely.

"Strange! Strange, isn't it, how you meet people you know—on the road?" said Fannertin, with an effort.

"You know them, too! That's queer—under the circumstances, I mean."

"Only one. Miss Serrier. I know her."

Presently a superb woman leaned from a window overhead, calling to Everard that lunch was ready. The four men went in.

Now, that was a merry luncheon. Charles, the waiter, affirms that he will not forget it for many years. They heated him at the beginning, for they made him strip the big mahogany centre-table and set four smaller ones, so that Ricardo Wattle and Lee lunched in a far, cool corner with the disturbers *pro tem.* of their souls' peace; Henry Everard with the perfect creature who had called to him from the window, and they paired magnificently; and Fannertin was *tête-à-tête* with the lady he had called Miss Serrier—she who had recognised him as she stepped from the car.

The wildest mirth came from Ricardo's table, as was only to be expected.

Everard and the voluptuous beauty that matched him found that it was well with them, playing smoothly with phrases that were delightful as long as one parried them. They were old friends there.

But it was at Fannertin's table that the whispers burned like flame; and eyes glowed in faces that were perfectly colourless. Their low, tense, breathless talk was wholly of a magic and wonderful "then" that was past and dead and done with. *Then—then—then*—it came again and again and yet again, passionate, scorching, like puffs of wind coming across a desert.

For this was the woman who, on a time, had worn a "loose tea-gown thing," flung up from the machine of a sardonic Fate into the very arms of the one man least fitted of all men to face her, in the one hour least fitted of all the hours wherein to talk with her—and, talking, he drank the sweet champagne that he could not stand as it might have been water.

The revellers at the large table in the corner, and the suave, smiling word-fencers by the window, heeded nothing.

And Fannertin saw the gulf open before him, and straightway forgot it, striding on. Pictures of that mad, illicit past; the passion of kisses given long ago; music and mirth that were dead; sorrow and tears that were gone; she drew them from the limbo of finished things with a whisper, and he lived them all over again.

A long time after they began to call up the phantoms of the past, a long, long time as it seemed to the man, she breathed two words.

"And now?"

He answered nothing, only staring at her, staring, every vein in his temples standing out.

She whispered again, and it came to him like a bayonet through his heart.

"*Now?* Do I love you less now than I loved you then? Do you think I love you less now than then?" She quivered. "Ah! If I had not loved you so much then I had not fought to become what I am now. When you went away while I slept——"

She became aware that a sudden silence had fallen upon the room, and so she spoke newly, in her ordinary tone.

"Yes," she said, "it is a wonderful play. When it is produced, you must come to town and see it."

In her own ears, it sounded flat and absurd and futile, but the gossip broke out again behind her, and she knew that it was well.

A chair slid back, and the copper-haired enchantress announced her intention of permitting Mr. Ricardo Wattle to take her out in the canoe for an hour.

Fannertin spoke with an effort.

"My place, the Park, is near here. There is a lane—a short cut. Would you like to see it?"

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Not a Poaching Foray!

"TRANSFERRING" SALMON IN THE WATERS OF THE TEIGN

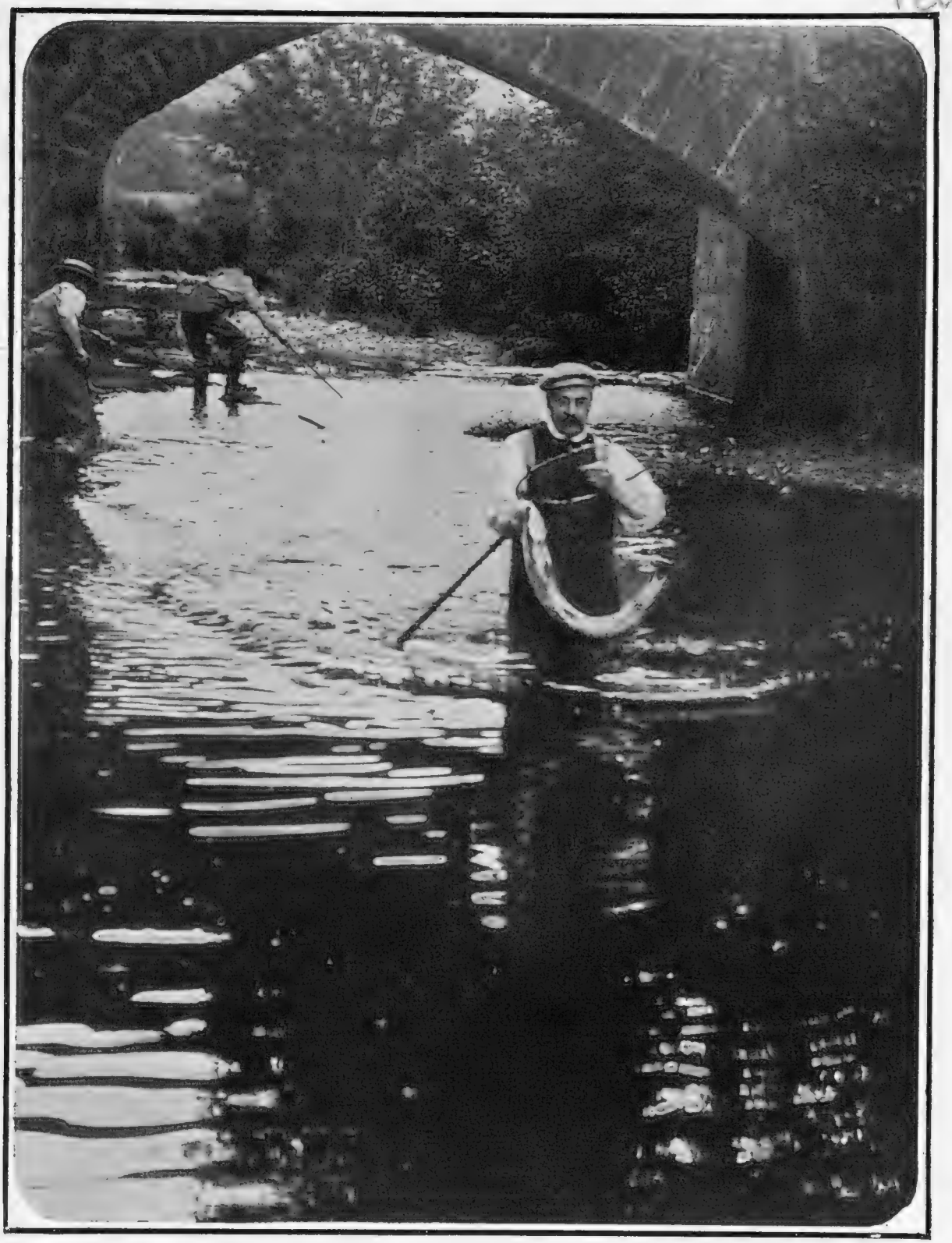


Photo *F. G. Aflalo*

Mr. Price, having just caught a ten-pounder, is taking him to clearer water

At first sight, with what seems the dim presentment of two salmon-snatchers beneath the archway, this looks as if a well-known angler had lent himself to the photographing of a deliberate poaching foray. This is not, however, the case. Mr. Aflalo explains that when, in the hottest time of the year, the salmon on the upper Teign get left in stagnant pools, the hard-working secretary of the Association, Mr. Harold Michelmore, issues a whip to members. These then assemble, with every landing-net that they can muster, and walk in line up and down the water, catch gradually all the salmon and sea-trout (peal) in the low water, and then run with them across a field to the clearer pools above. In the photograph, Mr. Price, an enthusiastic angler, has just caught a ten-pounder

(*Continued from page 676*)

"Your wife?"

"Left me when I left you last, and has not returned."

"Ah!" She rose.

Then Lee's companion expressed an intention of driving the car up to his cottage, and seeing precisely what the back-to-the-land theory looked like in practice.

Everard and his companion chatted on in the old-fashioned window. Half an hour later Charles brought them iced coffee, and, questioned, stated that Mr. Fannertin had taken Miss Serrier to see the Park.

Presently a bicycle bell rang silverly from the road opposite the window, and one Doctor Ivor rode past. He saw Everard and came back, a gleam of excitement in his eyes.

"Have you seen Fannertin?" he said, at the window. "Is he there? If so, you might tell him that a runabout car, driven by a lady, has just gone into the Park. His wife."

Henry Everard's hand crashed down on the bell before the last word was free from Ivor's lips.

"Get out one of the horses, quick, and *move!*" he said to Charles, and Charles understood that speed was necessary, and sped.

Everard spoke swiftly to his amazed and startled companion, and was gone.

. . . . .

Once more the spell was upon Fannertin, and as the woman walked with him towards his house she strengthened that spell.

He saw only that she was more beautiful than he remembered her to be; but she saw that he was more pliant than she had ever dreamed him to be.

And, since it was her sorry fate to love this man, she put forth all her powers.

Upon the embers of the passion he dreamed was cold and dead she breathed, and—they were no more embers, but flame.

"Look at me," she said, compellingly; and he looked at her where she stood, and saw that she was glorious.

"Where is the grey, pale thing you left at dawn, sleeping? She is dead—and *I* am here. Was it chance?" she said—"chance that we met to day, do you think? Why, it was certain, certain, from the beginning. Listen"—she placed her hand upon his arm. "I have risen—risen. I am famous. I am desired by many men. All in so short a time. Wealth—if it were wealth I craved, there are a hundred would come before you. If it were wealth with marriage, there are a score would come before you. You cannot give me marriage, and your wealth is poverty compared with that of some men. Oh! all that is nothing, since I am content to be with you. There is not—there has never been—any man but you—for me!"

A long silence. They had passed into the Park, and were on the terrace before either spoke again. Fannertin was striving to think—to think. Every instinct called out to him that he was in peril; but above the clamour of his instincts rose always one small, cold, devilish voice.

"Helen has not treated me very well."

They all said—Everard, Wattle, all of them—they all said that his wife would return, and he would be glad of that. She was sweeter, gentler, than this fierce, irresistible one at his side. But she was not back yet—and besides, "she had not treated him very well." Oh! she had been cruel—cruel—those gentle women *could* be cruel and cold and cutting! But this passionate one—who loved him so—*she* was not cold and cutting—but furious and fierce, and he, too, was like that. He was fitly mated with her, if that was all. This tigress—ah! that was what she resembled—a tigress, cruel with love, and she had come seeking her mate terribly, as tigresses go through the jungle—and, therewith, all that which abode latent in his soul sprang to life, calling—roaring. He looked at her, and she quailed for a second at the passion in his eyes—recovered, and then literally sprang at him. Their kiss was like a snarl.

He thrust her away, roughly—as a tiger may thrust away his mate—and spoke to her in a frightful roaring whisper, pointing to the casement.

"Through there—through there—is the drawing-room. Over the mantel hangs one little miniature—of the woman who was my wife. Bring it—bring it—to break—destroy——" She vanished suddenly into the house, and the curtains that swung behind her were as jungle grasses closing behind a lithe animal.

It occurred vaguely to Fannertin that he heard the stamping of hoofs from the drive, where it curved before the main door—but he took no heed, staring only at the curtain by the casement.

Then there came softly round the corner of the house on to the terrace a slender woman, who half checked as she saw him. Her face was pale and sweet and beautiful, and her eyes seemed to be full of tears. She came forward again, stretching out her arms to him, with a strange, blind, pitiful little gesture.

"Well," she said, "I have come back—you see—after all—to forgive you—and to be forgiven!"

And his face set hard as steel, and his eyes flamed under a bitter black frown.

And the curtains swung back, and through the casement glided the man's mate, bearing the miniature.

Mrs. Fannertin stopped stiffly.

"Who—who—is this?" she said, in a new voice.

"This lady, madame, is my wife," answered one suavely at the casement, and Everard stepped on to the terrace, lying desperately, for it was in his mind that he was not too late to save Fannertin.

"Oh!" Mrs. Fannertin would have gone to her husband, but that he stood away—and swiftly laid the last brick to the hell he had helped to build for himself.

"You liar!" he said, savagely, glaring at Everard. "She is no man's wife—but, nevertheless, she is mine—mine—all mine."

Helen Fannertin leaned against the stone balustrade, and her face was deadly pale. Henry Everard went up to Fannertin, and looked long into his eyes. Then he spoke, and his voice sounded almost gay with the intensity of his rage; he tapped Fannertin on the shoulder, slow and deliberate.

"God help you, man!" he said, "for you are a sorry hound—a sorry hound!" And Fannertin blanched and said nothing.

"Take me away—oh, please take me away from here!"

Everard turned to the wife, and suddenly he was gentle and kind as any woman.

"Come, then," he said, with infinite tenderness, "let us go. I will take you wherever you want to go."

Blindly she went with him, along the terrace, and turned towards the drive. And the two behind stared after them—as animals, suddenly startled, may stare after those who have unwittingly disturbed them.

BERTRAM ATKEY.

GAMES & PASTIMES

LAWN TENNIS

Young Germany and Young Austria

The youthful Oscar Kreuzer, who is playing at Wimbledon this week, is about the best player in Germany—leaving out Count Voss, who, though he still keeps up his tennis, seldom finds time for tournament play. Last year, O. Froitzheim was regarded as the best of the Germans, but handicappers did not recognise any considerable difference between him and Kreuzer, and this year I am informed that when the two have met, Kreuzer has, more often than not, had the best of it. He commenced tournament play when quite a small boy, and some years ago at Homburg, when he seemed very little bigger than his own racket, I spotted him as a promising "colt." Last week, at Queen's, he gained a set from the redoubtable Wilding and pressed him hard in another. A striking figure on the courts is the young Austrian, C. von Wessley, by reason of his fine sturdy frame and his ample head of hair, which becomes delightfully tossed as the game proceeds. He appears to have "come on" since I saw him over here two years ago. The Misses Klima, likewise Austrians, were one of the attractions at Queen's last week by reason of their tender age. Everybody said what a good game they played—for mere children—and the swing of the racket in the accompanying photo shows that they have been well coached, or else that they have a natural aptitude for the game. Note the height to which the ball is thrown for serving as compared with the height of the server.

Miss Willy Klima

A young Austrian player, of only fourteen years of age, who made her *début* in England at the Queen's Club meeting last week

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

A German Competitor at Wimbledon

O. Kreuzer, of Frankfort-on-Main, one of the best players in Germany. He is competing at Wimbledon this week

The Lady Players at Wimbledon

As there is no space in our Wimbledon Supplement at my disposal for comments on the lady players at Wimbledon, I propose to say a little about them here. At the time of writing there seems, after all, a slight chance that Mrs. Sterry may be able to play, but it will probably not be known for certain until this issue is in print. Up to the time of her accident she was showing such good form that I was quite inclined to make her my tip for the Championship, for, in addition to experience, she possesses any amount of pluck, a commodity with which our crack ladies, speaking generally, are by no means overburdened. There are several finer players in England than Miss Sutton, but Miss Sutton wins as often as she does because of her greater physical strength, and also because of her undaunted pluck and determination. You often hear an English player say of another player, with whom she is handicapped level, "Oh! I *can't* beat Miss So-and-So; whenever we meet, she *always* just wins." And so, when she goes into court against that other player, she is beaten before the match begins. There is, therefore, nothing surprising in the fact that Miss Sutton often succeeds in establishing a funk, just as a crack bowler does at cricket when the ground helps him; and Mrs. Sterry, fit and well, is the player on whom I would rely to stop a "rot" of this kind. But I have also great faith in Mrs. Chambers—especially as she enjoys the advantage of standing out and playing a challenger who has borne the burden and heat of many rounds. It is no certainty—at any rate it ought not to be—that Miss Sutton will be her challenger, but, if she is, I expect a close match, and a repetition of last year's result, although I must confess to a feeling of some concern at the news that Mrs. Chambers has again been feeling that old sprain in her wrist.

A Ray of Hope

The one little crumb of comfort for those of us who are beginning to despair of England's chances in the Davis Cup was the victory of Gore and Roper Barrett over Brookes and Wilding in the Invitation Doubles at Beckenham. The match served as a sort of International trial, and it seems to indicate that even if we cannot count either on the Dohertys or on Smith and Riseley, we have still something to fall back upon, and I venture to prophecy that if Barrett's business engagements do not hinder him from devoting the necessary time to practice and training, he may yet prove very useful in the threatened emergency.

A Leg Up for Ireland

The only Englishman of note at the Irish Championships was M. J. G. Ritchie, and, after his brilliant

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Heligoland Cup Winner: Herr Huldschinsky's "Susanne"

The *Susanne*, which was splendidly handled by Robert Wringe, of Brightlingsea, beat Captain Dixon Johnston's ketch *Cariad* by 65 seconds. The prizes were presented by the Kaiser at Kiel on Saturday

defeat of Gore at Chiswick, he appeared to have both the Irish Championship Singles and the Championship of Europe (which was allotted to Dublin this year) at his mercy. But in the latter event he was beaten by J. C. Parke, the Irish International Rugger three-quarter, who, as a lawn tennis player, has hitherto been only regarded as a man of great possibilities, which have, somehow, failed to materialise. Parke's victory may have been a bit of a fluke, but, anyhow, it should give the fillip to Irish lawn tennis which it sorely needs.

YACHTING

The Cruisers' Race for the Kaiser's Cup

The Heligoland Cup, which is the short title of the annual race from Dover to Heligoland for a Cup and other prizes presented by the German Emperor, was instituted in order to commemorate the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and the chief prize is, therefore, naturally much coveted by yachtsmen. Usually it is a silver cup; but in the Diamond Jubilee year and the "longest reign" year the generous donor "ran to gold." Originally the race was confined to British yachts of 60 tons or over, but in 1902 the minimum tonnage was raised to 80 tons, and two years ago the event was thrown open to the vessels of all nations. They must, however, be cruising yachts, and must sail with a cutter and dinghy on board and without any paid hands, over and above their ordinary crew, except a pilot. The race is a sealed handicap, and those in charge of the yachts are enjoined not to open the envelopes in which are particulars of the starts allotted until they are well on their way across the North Sea.

"Susanne" Wins on Time

This year's race, for which there were eight starters, began at 10.30 on the morning of June 15, and with a favouring wind was very quickly sailed. The scratch boat, Herr Watjen's beautiful yawl *Navahoe* (232 tons) led the fleet all the way, and finished at two o'clock on the Sunday afternoon, after a passage of 26½ hours, which is a record for this race. The second boat to finish was Herr O. Huldschinsky's schooner, *Susanne* (154 tons). She was beautifully sailed by her English skipper, Wringe, of Brightlingsea, and she and *Clara* (schooner 185 tons), owned by Herr Max Guilleaume, had a capital race all the way across, the smaller boat finishing about three minutes ahead, and about an hour and a half behind *Navahoe*. Fourth came Mr. C. T. Cayley's schooner *Adela* (224 tons) a good two hours behind the other two schooners, and fifth Capt. Dixon Johnston's ketch *Cariad* (129 tons), three minutes behind *Adela*. This was the actual order of finishing, but the handicap disclosed a different state of affairs. *Navahoe*, fast as she had gone, had not gone fast enough to win. *Susanne*, with an allowance of 2¾ hours, was first, but she only saved her time by 65 sec. on *Cariad*—one of the "limit" boats with the useful allowance of five hours. This placed *Cariad* second, with *Clara* third. This is the second time *Susanne* has won this race, and her owner is to be congratulated on having one of the smartest cruising schooners ever seen in British (or German) waters. The prizes, I understand, were presented by the German Emperor in person, at Kiel, last Saturday.

London and North Western Railway

The London and North Western Railway Company announce that, commencing July 1, numerous and important additions will be made in their train services to a large number of provincial towns, including Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, as well as to Scotland and Ireland. New corridor trains, with luncheon and refreshment cars, and sleeping-saloon expresses, will be provided for the convenience of passengers.

THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY AT WINDSOR
SEE THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC"

Photo *Topical Agency*

Herr Watjen's yawl "Navahoe"

Which finished first in the Heligoland Cup Race after a passage of 26½ hours, a record for this race. The winner, however, was the schooner *Susanne*, which had an allowance of 2¾ hours

Golf Notes and Notions

The Open Championship : Victory of Arnaud Massey

The Championship of 1907 will be known to history as the French Championship. Arnaud Massey has carried off the prize, and has verified the promise of the last few years. Early this year he came out first in the competition arranged by the Grand Duke Michael at Cannes, when he beat the pick of the professional ranks. Last year, at Muirfield, he was already much fancied, and finished sixth. He is a native of Biarritz, where he used, I believe, to carry for Mr. Eric Hambro and his father. He had a natural genius for the game, and those who watched his early steps in his golf pilgrimage prophesied a great future for him. He has now reached the full maturity of his game, and a finer, freer, more accomplished player it would be difficult to find. He has a most taking style, and hits a very long ball, whether with or against the wind. Like his great rival, J. H. Taylor, he takes very little time over his shots, and gets the ball away with the smallest amount of preliminary flourish. A match between these two players would require a very well-trained crowd to keep up with them. In addition to his great length, Massey has complete command of the short game, and is a master of the art of putting. The only shot in which he seemed to be slightly deficient was the long, low, running-up approach. I may have been unfortunate, but I cannot call to mind a really satisfactory shot of this nature throughout the rounds which I watched him play. He may have had his reasons for avoiding this shot. But on several occasions I saw him play a dangerous high shot where the low runner would have been far safer, and would have paid better. I saw most of his four rounds of the Championship proper, and he looked a likely winner all through. His weakest moments occurred during the first half of his third round, but after taking forty-two to go out, he recovered magnificently by registering thirty-six for the last nine holes, and securing a seventy-eight for the round.

Arnaud Massey
Winner of the Championship

His last round was a treat to watch, and the struggle between him and Pulford, the latter only four strokes behind him with three rounds played, produced a magnificent duel. But Massey was not to be flustered. He knew pretty early in his last round that he only required a seventy-eight to beat Taylor, his nearest opponent, and he practically ensured victory by going out in thirty-eight, leaving himself the comfortable margin, for a player of his calibre, of forty for the last nine holes. His only mistake during those last nine holes occurred at the fifteenth hole, where a faulty second found the bunker on the right, and the hole cost him six strokes. But who that is mortal can be expected to play perfect golf with a seething and excited mob of onlookers rushing and jostling to see the next stroke? I have had experience of a good many golfing mobs, but the one which followed Massey's fortunes will take a lot of beating in point of activity and joyous ignorance of the game. Massey is now professional at La Boulie, the links of the Paris Golf Club, and I can well imagine the pride with which the ruling genius of that club, M. Paul Deschamps, will welcome the victory of his fellow-countryman. He has won at an auspicious time, and has forged a fresh link in the chain of the *entente cordiale* between his country and ours. As he so aptly said in his short and pithy speech of thanks, after receiving the prize, "*Vive l'entente cordiale!*" and no better support for that good understanding can be given than by friendly and sportsmanlike rivalry in games between the sons of the two great nations. I have left myself but little space for the mention of other players. I must condole with Taylor in that, as was the case last year, the Championship was wrested from his grasp when he seemed to have it in his possession. I know that he does not grudge Massey his victory, for he is a sincere admirer of that player's powers. Indeed, he told me after the preliminary eliminating rounds had been played, that he thought Massey would win. He did his best to upset his own prophecy, and, if things had gone a little more kindly for him in his last round, I fancy he would have put together a grand total which even Massey would have failed to equal. But the goddess of golf was like a will o' the wisp during that last round. Now he seemed to hold her, now she was gone again. He could not quite catch her, and she ended by eluding his grasp with mocking laughter. Possibly if Taylor's and Massey's positions had been reversed and the former had drawn the first day of the qualifying competition instead of the second, the result might have been different. Six continuous rounds of scoring are a much severer test than six rounds with a day's rest between the first two and the last four. But as to this I shall have more to say later on.

Space fails me for more at present than heartiest congratulations to the authorities of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club and their splendid secretary, Mr. Janion, for the smooth way in which they worked the difficult new system and for their magnificent handling of the most trying crowd in the golfing world.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Car-icature—No. XXXII.: Mr. A. C. Hills

"Right as a Rifle" is the motto adopted by the firm of Hills-Martini, Ltd., of which the subject of this week's Car-icature is managing-director. Mr. "Charlie" Hills, as he is universally known, now controls the output of the famous Martini cars—so far as Great Britain is concerned—which emanate from the equally famous factories in Switzerland where Martini rifles were first produced. As a long-distance racing cyclist, Mr. Hills won renown and many cups and trophies in the days when the North Road Club, of which he was one of the earliest members, was a power in the land. Associating himself with the motor movement some eight years ago, Mr. Hills' early efforts were in the direction of perfecting the pneumatic tyre, and in that department of automobile activity the result of his labours is well known to-day. A few years ago Mr. Hills joined forces with Captain H. H. P. Deasy, and when that gallant officer decided to become an "All British" exponent, Mr. Hills took over the Martini concessions, which he has since exploited with conspicuous success. At the Piccadilly Circus Garage, in Great Windmill Street, the firm of Hills-Martini makes a speciality of putting-up the cars of suburban residents who motor up to Town for the theatre and other Metropolitan attractions. A patent turntable enables a large number of cars to be housed, and—what is more important—despatched at a moment's notice, and the garage is replete with dressing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and ample accommodation for chauffeurs. Quite recently, Mr. Hills' firm supplied a handsome Martini car to the order of Lady Gunter, which vehicle was presented to the Lord Mayor of London in aid of his lordship's Crippled Children's Fund, the fête at the Mansion House in support thereof being graced by the presence of her Majesty Queen Alexandra. D. M.

Car-icature—No. XXXII.: Mr. A. C. Hills

Mr. "Charlie" Hills, who was one of the original members of the famous North Road Cycling Club, first associated himself with the motor industry about eight years ago, and he is especially known in connection with his improvements effected in the manufacture of pneumatic tyres. He is now the managing-director of Hills-Martini, Ltd., and controls the output of the famous Martini cars in this country

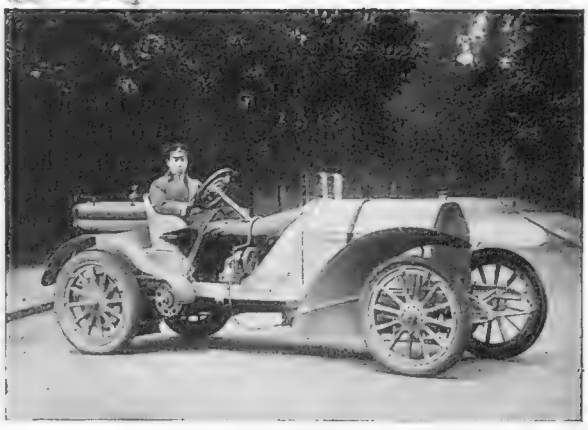
(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

Opening of Brooklands

The Brooklands Club Motor Track was opened with *éclat* recently, a crowded "special" from Waterloo bringing down a great number of celebrities, while as many others preferred to motor down. The fact that the track is all but complete came as an agreeable surprise to many of us, as the date of July 6 having been fixed for the opening meet one expected to find the track still in the hands of the builders. After the luncheon, where we were all entertained by Mr. H. F. Locke-King, the owner of the property, the assembled cars made a run round the course, led by Mrs. Locke-King. In spite of the fact that visitors were asked to parade in line, the "speed fever," to which Mr. Locke-King alluded in welcoming the guests, attacked several present, with the result that they started racing. The course itself is oval, and is intersected by a straight finishing run at one end, where stand the club-house and Press accommodation. As a provision for the anticipated high speeds, the course is banked up to a considerable angle wherever curves occur.

* * *



A Japanese Competitor for the Montagu Cup

Mr. K. Okura intends to compete for the Montagu Cup, which takes place on July 6 on the Brooklands track, with his 120 h.-p. F.I.A.T.

A Motor "Speedway"

A very complete system of telephonic communication has been established to safeguard cars while on the course, and any occurrence can be at once telephoned to headquarters. The most curious fact that struck me about the course was the illusion of low speed created in the mind, while, in reality, cars were travelling at a very high rate indeed. This is due, I suppose, to the monotonous continuation of the immense concrete track, on

6 H.-P. ROVER, 1906, hood, two acetylene lamps, £100; 8 H.-P. RENAULT, De Dion engine, four-seated tonneau, detachable, £110; and nine other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland St., W. (Cars run by the year.)

MOTOR-CAR DRIVING AND MECHANISM for Ladies or Gentlemen given at an inclusive fee at the Victoria Street Garage and Showrooms, 94, Victoria Street, Westminster, various types of Cars being used for this purpose. Motor-cars for Hire.

Weekly Wins!

By Special Appointment to H.M. The King. By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

DAIMLER

JUNE 15th, 1907.
Derby and Staffs A.C.'s Hill Climb.
DAIMLERS MADE 1st and 2nd FASTEST TIMES.

JUNE 15th, 1907.
Sheffield A.C. Hill Climb.
DAIMLER MADE FASTEST TIME.

JUNE 15th, 1907.
Edinburgh M.C. Hill Climb.
DAIMLER SECURED 1st PLACE.

— THE —
Daimler Motor Co. (1904) Ltd.
COVENTRY: Daimler Works.
LONDON: 219-229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
MANCHESTER: 60, Deansgate. NOTTINGHAM: 96-98, Derby Road. BRISTOL: 18, Victoria Street.

The Times system of Easy . . Payments applied to Motor Cars.

DARRACQS

ON EASY PAYMENTS

AT CATALOGUE PRICES WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

For the benefit of professional men and others to whom it is not always convenient to pay the full cash price at once, we have arranged a new contract scheme under which we can supply Darracq Cars at list prices with extended payments without extra charge. Particulars of this new scheme free on application at

'The HOME of the DARRACQ,'
HUNTLEY WALKER & Co., Ltd.,
483, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
Wholesale and Retail Agents for all Darracq Cars.

Telegrams: "AUTORITE, LONDON." *Telephones:* 3162 and 3163 MAYFAIR.

SIX-CYLINDER
MINERVA
WEEKLY WINS
on STANDARD Touring Cars.

"*Sixilinder, London.* "*June 13, 1907.*
"*ABSOLUTELY ENCHANTED WITH MY SIX-CYLINDER MINERVA.*"

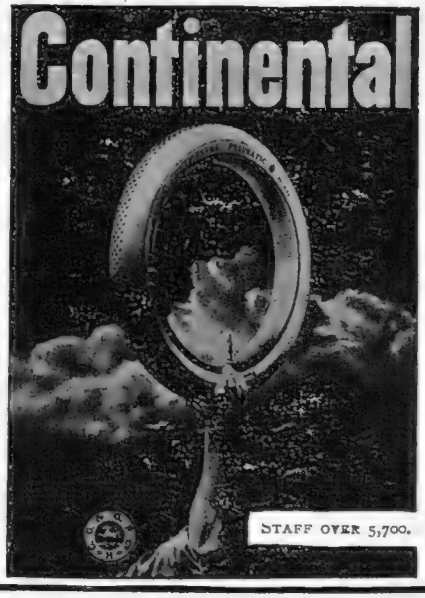
Copy of Telegram received from The Hon. Leopold Canning, J.P.D.L.

Successes such as these are more satisfying to clients than winning competitions on SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TOURING CARS.

40-60 h.p. Six-Cylinder Chassis, Price £800.

WARWICK WRIGHT, Ltd.
MINERVA PALACE,
110, HIGH STREET, MARYLEBONE.
Telegrams: "Sixilinder, London." Telephone No.: 8574 Gerrard

TYRES



TYRES

A SERIES OF
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESSES

HERKOMER TROPHY
WON ON CONTINENTAL TYRES.
And the First Seven Cars were fitted with these Tyres.

KAISER'S PRIZE.
[3] CARS OUT OF THE FIRST [4]
were fitted with CONTINENTALS.

GRAPHIC TROPHY.
FIRST FOUR CARS ON CONTINENTALS.

A "Boater-Car": As a water craft

An amphibious automobile has just been invented by a M. A. Ravaillier, of Paris, which does equally well for land or water travel. For land running a changeable gear and a reverse are provided, while the propeller clutch is operated by a separate lever

whose surface the largest car looks puny and insignificant. On Friday next, at midnight, Mr. S. F. Edge, who has hired the Brooklands track for the occasion, will attempt to drive a six-cylinder Napier for twenty-four hours at sixty miles an hour. Sixty miles an hour seems a stupendous pace for a continued run, but last Thursday, on the track, Mr. Edge made a run of 10¼ miles in 6 min. 4 sec., which shows what can be done. Indeed, the test which Mr. Edge is preparing to undergo is more one of a physical nature than anything else. To drive for twenty-four hours on end round a track which has every facility for the driver requires abnormal endurance on his part rather than on the part of the car. The Napier Co. will obtain a very good advertisement if Mr. Edge is able to keep up the strain of a continuous twenty-four hour drive, a feat he will, doubtless, accomplish; but, with due respect to him, I could name half a dozen British cars and British drivers who could do the same thing—only they were not equally smart in getting first call on Brooklands.

* * *

Motor-Car Advertising

Motor-car advertising of to-day clearly demonstrates that competition between the various firms is becoming keener. The results of big competitions, like the Tourist Trophy in the Isle of Man and the Herkomer Trophy in Germany, have provided striking instances of the extraordinary lengths to which unsuccessful competitors will go in order to redeem their failure to get placed among the winners. In such fashion do certain firms word their catch-phrases that it is a difficult matter for the ordinary motorist to determine, after reading the advertisements which have appeared, whether the actual winning cars were not much inferior to others which did not even finish. There is, though, a limit to everything; and when, for the purpose of bolstering up an announcement of this sort, a firm seeks to make capital out of other makes *which did not even start* in the race, it appears to me that, at least so far as one particular firm is concerned, the sporting spirit of motor racing is allowed to be a dead letter in view of possible commercial benefits. In plain English, there is a wide difference between the actual results of the Herkomer Trophy and the impression given of them in the adverments of interested parties.

* * *

Speed Limit in the Parks

Last Wednesday the Motor Union obtained, on appeal to the Divisional Court, a decision that motor-car drivers' licences shall not be endorsed for the first conviction when exceeding the ten-mile speed limit in the Royal parks. The appeal was on behalf of the driver of Mr. McCall, K.C., against the decision of Mr. Marsham, the Bow Street magistrate, by which his licence was endorsed for exceeding the speed limit in St. James's Park. The case was argued at great length before the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Darling, and Mr. Justice Lawrence, who all gave separate judgments. In the result, the appeal was allowed and the endorsement quashed.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

If you still doubt the advantage of four-cylinders over six, a trial of the WESTINGHOUSE will definitely prove to you the undoubted superiority of four.—A. GAAL AND CO., 17, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W. Telephone: 2761 Mayfair.

Learn to understand a Motor before you buy one; then you are not in the hands of Chauffeurs or Dealers. Special private lessons for Ladies or Gentlemen.—HANOVER MOTOR INSTITUTE, 6E, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

Photos *Topical Agency*

A "Boater-Car": As a road vehicle

This vehicle has been tested by the French Minister of Marine and favourably reported upon. On land it is said to be able to attain a speed of thirty miles per hour

ADLER CARS.

HIGH IN GRADE.
LOW IN PRICE.

The "ADLER" is a Motor of the very finest construction, down to the smallest detail. It is pre-eminent for strength and reliability, due to accurate workmanship and employment of best materials. Remarkably silent and free from vibration, it is confidently recommended as one of the best Motors offered to the public.
9 h.p. to 50 h.p.

The
PERFECTION of a MODERN AUTOMOBILE
is a "MORGAN" Body on an "ADLER" Chassis, with a "CROMWELL" Patent Folding Wind-Screen.

Intending purchasers should procure our interesting and lucid Illustrated Booklet, which explains fully the mechanism of the engine and every part.

MORGAN & Co LTD.,
Sole Agents for the United Kingdom
127. LONG ACRE. W.C. & 10. OLD BOND ST. W.

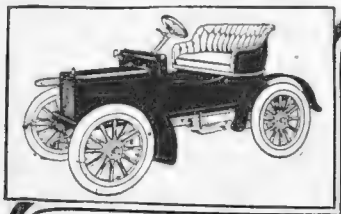
LEADING MOTORISTS SAY

"Pratt's Motor Spirit

SUITS US BECAUSE
IT SUITS OUR ENGINES."

TRY IT.

Sealed Tins. Obtainable Everywhere.



6 H.P., 100 Gns.

THE CAR FOR THE MAN OF MODERATE MEANS.
6 H.P. to 20 H.P.
100 Gns. to £400.

ROVERS

Perfect Combination of Elegance and Sound Mechanism. Economical and Easy of Control.

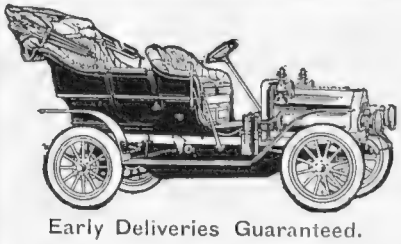
THE ROVER Co., Ltd., Meteor Works, COVENTRY.
LONDON: 59 & 61, New Oxford St. W.C. *(Corner of Shaftesbury Avenue.)*

HOTCHKISS

THIS FAMOUS CAR
is now making
A BRITISH TOUR
of 10,000 miles under the official observation of the Royal A.C. The car is travelling upon "unpicked" roads, and has already covered nearly **6,000 miles without a single mechanical stop.**

Call at our Showrooms, or write for Catalogue "B."

Sole Concessionaires:
THE LONDON and PARISIAN MOTOR CO., Ltd.,
87, Davies Street, Oxford Street, W.



Early Deliveries Guaranteed.

STARTLING VALUE

18 h.-p. complete ... £300
10 h.-p. 4 seats £165

REO MOTORS LTD.,

BROAD SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER,
LONDON, S.W.

Telegrams: "JELAMCO," LONDON. *Telephone:* 59 WESTMINSTER.

REO

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Mr. S. F. Edge travelling at 100 miles an hour at Brooklands

During the last week Mr. Edge has been practising on his 6-cylinder Napier for the feat which he hopes to accomplish on June 28 and 29 of running at sixty miles an hour for twenty-four hours. Notice the angle of the car when coming round the banking at the end of the track

Miscellanea

The grey antiquity of the little town of Melksham, in West Wilts, has no suggestion of decay. True, the place has had its vicissitudes. Its mineral springs gave it a short-lived rivalry with Bath in our grandfathers' days, and the woollen industry is now centred elsewhere. In its place, the great works of the Avon India Rubber Company, Ltd., go far to maintain the air of comfort and prosperity which pervades Melksham, for they employ several hundreds of men. This prosperous concern is known for the high quality of its goods, which has secured it a position as contractors to the War, India, and Colonial Offices, and the Admiralty, besides the railway companies. Rubber goods of all kinds are made, including the famous Avon Tyres for motors—the tyre of long life.

English automobilists who intend to travel in France this season will be interested to learn that the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company have installed in their new building, which has recently been opened in Paris, Avenue Malakoff, 146, a Touring Office. This new department is well equipped, and every motorist calling there can obtain from experienced officials all reliable information on any question with regard to motoring, roads, hotels, garages, etc.

Mr. K. Okura, a Japanese gentleman and prominent motorist in this country, who possesses three F.I.A.T. Cars, places great faith in the capabilities of this particular make, which recently won such a notable victory in the Italian Targa Florio Race. He has now purchased a 120 h.-p. F.I.A.T., with which he will compete for the Montagu Cup, in the opening Meet at Brooklands.

As a result of exhibiting Daimler cars at the Madrid Exhibition, in addition to the Duke of Saragasa, among other clients, a car has been sold to the Marquis of Taracana. Spain offers a very good field for motoring manufacturers. The Spanish have a very high opinion of British cars, but the British manufacturers do not give much attention to Spain, on the assumption that Spain is not a country to buy cars, which is a great mistake. As a country, Spain is but a shadow of her former great self, but there are a large number of wealthy noblemen and gentry; while the Spaniard is, by nature, very keen on anything to do with mechanism. I congratulate the Daimler Company on their success.

The number of motors at Ascot this year far exceeded all previous records. I was, for the nonce, a passenger on a private coach, and motor after motor passed us. Daimler cars were greatly in evidence, nearly every second car appearing to be one of this famous make. The Daimler Company seem to be able to maintain their list of weekly wins, having last week been first at three hill-climbing competitions.

Our readers will be interested and amused at seeing two photographs of a *canot-voiture* which attracted an enormous crowd in the Rue Royale, Paris, quite recently. The inventor has demonstrated the properties of this "boater-car" before the French Minister of Marine, who expressed his pleasure at the result of the trial. It should prove a boon to explorers in little-known tracts, such as Equatorial Africa.

THE AITCHISON HIGH POWER "DAY MARINE" PRISM GLASSES

EXCHANGE YOUR OLD-FASHIONED GLASSES.

OUR NEW SCHEME. We will allow a reasonable price for Prism or other Field Glasses in part payment.

Send for our new Illustrated Price List, select the glass you would like, then send your old glass to us by parcel post, and we will write and inform you what we can allow you for it, and return it carriage paid if you do not accept our offer.

POWERS UNEQUALLED BY ENGLISH OR FOREIGN MAKERS.

No. 12,	MAGNIFICATION 12 DIAMETERS,	**£7 10 0**	**No. 20,**	MAGNIFICATION 20 DIAMETERS,	**£10 10 0**
No. 16,	MAGNIFICATION 16 DIAMETERS,	**£8 10 0**	**No. 25,**	MAGNIFICATION 25 DIAMETERS,	**£12 10 0**

With Central Focussing Motion, £1 extra each Glass. Monocular (Single Tube) Glasses half above prices.
Parcels post paid to any part of the world.

THE "NIGHT MARINE," same model as above, magnifying 9 diameters, £6 10 0
ditto ditto with central focussing motion, 7 10 0
(This is the most useful all-round Glass for Tourists and Travellers.)

DETAILS.—The above are all fitted with object glasses 1 7-16 inches (37 millimetres) in diameter. Iris diaphragms controlled by a simple screw movement from central bar, this permits the glasses being used under all conditions of atmosphere and in all climates, securing perfect definition at all times. The body of the glass is turned from a solid aluminium casting and renders it practically impossible to throw it out of adjustment. All the work is executed at our own factory in London, and every glass is examined and tested personally by Mr. Aitchison.

AITCHISON & CO.,

OPTICIANS TO THE BRITISH AND UNITED STATES GOVERNMENTS,

12 CHEAPSIDE, 428 STRAND, 281 OXFORD ST. (Between Bond St. and Oxford Circus),
47 FLEET ST., 6 POULTRY, 46 FENCHURCH ST., And 14 NEWGATE ST., **LONDON.**

ALSO AT 37 BOND ST., LEEDS.

Write for Illustrated Price List and Pamphlet giving "THE SECRET OF THE DAY MARINE."

Chateau Loudenne, Medoc, France, the Property of W. & A. Gilbey.

Gilbey's Chateau Loudenne Claret, 24/= per dozen

Is the produce of W. & A. Gilbey's own vineyards at Chateau Loudenne, awarded the Gold Medal of the French Minister of Agriculture for the best Cultivated Estate in the Medoc.

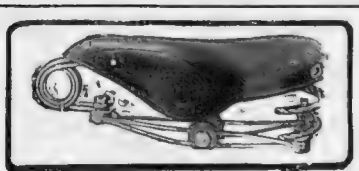
VITTEL

Great cure for Gout, Uric Acid, Gravel, Kidney Diseases, Albuminuria, Intestinal Catarrh, by using the water of the "Grande Source"; Gall-stones, Liver complaints, Obesity, Diabetes, by the "Source Salée."

FINE GOLF LINKS.

5½ hours from Paris. Bracing climate, 1,100 feet above sea level. GOOD SANITATION. MAGNIFICENT PARK. Twelve Hotels, for all purses and all tastes. Casino and good Theatrical Companies. Pretty wooded country. Interesting Excursions. English Physician and Church. Racecourse, Tennis, English Croquet, Bowls, Archery, Pigeon-shooting, etc.

Particulars from Direction Soc. des Eaux de Vittel (Vosges).



The Height of Saddle Excellence is found in the renowned

BROOKS

CYCLE SADDLES—now, as 20 years ago, the leading saddles of the world. To enjoy the best cycling you must ride the BEST Saddle—a BROOKS. Ask for "Saddle Manual." Free. Dept. 20.

J. B. BROOKS & Co., Ltd., *The Saddle Specialists,* **BIRMINGHAM.**

10 July. **28** Days. SPITZBERGEN & the FJORDS.
FARES FROM 30 GUINEAS.

14 August. **21** Days. The BALTIC & NORTHERN CAPITALS, NORWAY, SWEDEN, DENMARK, HOLLAND.
FARES FROM 21 GUINEAS.

Illustrated programme may be obtained at P. & O. Offices:
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.C.; 122, LEADENHALL ST., E.C.

FROCKS FRILLS AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

As I write, the Great Ascot week is commencing; London is preparing itself to become a social desert, *pro tem.*, and I am utterly bewildered by the embarrassment of friendly tips as to "certainties" for both the Hunt Cup and Gold Cup. For, terrible as the confession is from one in my position, the last thing to interest me at Ascot is the frocks. That there are so many may have something to do with it, also the previous chatter about dress is always so terribly exhausting. You see, I am pleading extenuation of my crime, which, to be quite frank, is a genuine love of a good race.

Photo *Henri Manuel*

An Ascot Gown of Embroidered Lawn
(*From a design by Boire Sœurs, of Paris*)

But given the smallest atmospheric chance, dress at Ascot will be really remarkable this year, and very particularly so the millinery. And ye Fates! the weight of some of the flower-decked hats. They literally weigh pounds, and this notwithstanding the finest ingenuity on the part of the milliner in cutting away stems and all superfluities of that description. But everything in the way of trimming is massed this year, be it of ribbon, feathers, or flowers, the latter, however, proving by far the worst offenders in the matter of weight. At the same time, the most covetable millinery remains emphatically simple in general effect, and the big prices that prevail are claimed entirely on the score of the handworking of costly straws and the rich exclusiveness of the trimmings.

The Simple Life and Simple Dress

In obedience to the general demand of balance, our thoughts, after a surfeit of smartness, invariably tend to simplicity, in which regard I am keen to proclaim the elegance of some long paletot tailor-made suits, arranged in fine striped flannels and also in *piqué*. The word "paletot" is used to define an exceedingly long, close-fitting coat, which merely leaves nine inches or thereabouts of the skirt visible. In *piqué*—the single-breasted front closing with dull gold buttons the size of a shilling, and worn by an averagely tall figure—these suits are eminently *chic*, and look especially well on the box-seat of a coach or as a smart automobile costume; while their flannel prototypes should prove ideal for holiday wear at the seaside or in the country, completed by a simple tucked lingerie shirt, finished with a *plissé* grandfather's frill down the front. Any woman contemplating a sojourn in one of our representative seaside or foreign watering-places, is strongly urged to consider the merits of these unassuming but wholly effective toilettes as a morning basis.

At a well-known West-End house, renowned for its enterprise and individual understanding—it is, by the way, under petticoat government—a big speciality is being made of these long paletots, ready-made; and their universal success gives most emphatic denial to the assertion that a good cut is unobtainable in a ready-made article. As recently as two years ago this was true enough, and still stands good in many quarters, but it has passed entirely away under the auspices I have in mind, while the prices, it is only fair to add, are in no way increased.

Furthermore, for those who are not of the stature to stand the shortening influence of this elongated paletot, there are charming little striped flannel and tweed suits arranged with the short, semi-fitting sacque,

Letter Orders have prompt and special attention.

SPIERS & POND'S STORES.

All Footwear orders carefully registered for future reference.

QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Illustrated Catalogue "H" of all Departments sent free on request.

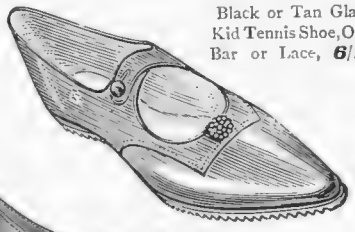
Ladies' Fashionable and Inexpensive Footwear.

SAMPLE BOOT OR SHOE SENT ON APPROVAL.

Young Ladies' Black Glacé Kid Shoes, **10/9** Also in stronger make, Tan Willow, **12/9**

Soft Black Glacé Kid, Lace, Straight Patent Toecap; also in Tan Glacé, nice shade, **7/11**

No. 95. "CRITERION" Golf Boot, Soft Tan Willow Calf, with special adjustment of Bars on Soles; Designed specially by us, **14/9**



No. 250. Black or Tan Glacé Kid Tennis Shoe, One Bar or Lace, **6/11**

The New "Gibson" Shoe, Black or Tan Glacé Kid, very smart, **13/9**

No. 112.

ALL FOOTWEAR SENT CARRIAGE PAID IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PURE MILK FOR BABIES.

In the feeding of children a supply of pure milk is of the utmost importance, for a young infant is quickly upset by partially souring milk. The "*Allenburys*" *Milk Foods* are made from perfectly fresh milk, and the method of manufacture absolutely precludes all risk of contamination with noxious germs. A complete substitute for the natural food of the child is obtained and vigorous growth and health are promoted. No diarrhœa or digestive troubles need be feared when the "*Allenburys*" *Milk Foods* are given. The Milk Foods are made in a minute by the addition of hot water only.

The Allenburys' Foods

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CRÊME DE JAPON CIE,

13 & 14, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

Photo *Reutlinger*

A Chapeau from the Maison Minnigio

about the sartorial difficulties of which so much has been made, allied to skirts modelled in accordance with the latest decrees, the stripes dropping horizontally over the hips, and affording a delightful *svelte* appearance to the figure. A feature of these skirts is the complete absence of any decoration, if one excepts a narrow panel frequently introduced up the centre of the front, in which the stripes are dovetailed, that seem to exact a certain decorative relief in the coatee, usually supplied by tiny folds or strappings of self-coloured cloth.

Then the latest cotton frock to attract attention is of self-coloured linen or casement cloth, the skirt slightly eased in at the waist, united to a cape corsage that falls a considerable depth down the arm, and is afforded a shapeliness and fitting by means of a series of close gaugings run from the top of the shoulder to the edge. At the waist, back and front, the cape affair narrows off to nothing, to disappear beneath one of the many effective belts. The costume is necessarily completed by the inevitable lingerie slip, which latter, in the case of a young girl, looks exceedingly well in one of the pretty spot muslins, the three-quarter-length sleeve finished with superposed frills of narrow lace, arranged in a close-fitting band, and a tiny outstanding frill of the same lace at the summit of a high, well-fitting collar-band.

And now to other matters.

T. and J. Perry, 224, Regent Street

The wedding-gift, like the poor, we have always with us, and so have we Messrs. T. and J. Perry, who give its quest their very particular consideration. The advantages of dealing with such a firm are many and various. Primarily, all the mounting of jewellery is done on the premises; then they guarantee the genuineness of the stones, and their prices, being all net cash, are the very lowest compatible with reliable quality of material and the best workmanship.

A quite inexpensive but charming gift for a bride is one of Messrs. Perry's bar brooches, hung in various tasteful fashions with jewels. To spell the word "*Dearest*," an example is shown in which a diamond, emerald, amethyst, ruby, emerald, sapphire, and topaz are set in flexible gold chains of graduated length. Briefly, the choice of gifts here, suitable alike for weddings, birthdays, or christenings, ranges from half a guinea, and includes a quantity of exclusive silver and plated-ware designs. The Georgian tea and coffee service is especially handsome, and is probably a replica of one in the possession of the firm at the beginning of their career in 1828. A Queen Anne solid silver afternoon tea set is most remarkable value at three guineas the three pieces, while the choice in smaller trifles is almost embarrassingly large, and the price correspondingly small. This establishment at 224, Regent Street is certainly a source that needs the earliest cultivation.

Tubs for Shrubs

The above title has such a pleasant lilt with it, I am tempted to give it precedence over the name of the purveyor of these enchanting teak affairs, one Alexander Hamilton, 11, Conduit Street. An accompanying illustration shows the Quadruped, a tub raised on four legs, of polished teak, enclosed within burnished bronze hoops, and sold in three sizes, ranging in price from £2 5*s.* to £2 12*s.* 6*d.* There is, however, choice galore, and, by an admirable contrivance, those that have the appearance of standing firm on the ground are really free of it, so that drainage is assured. For palms and the like these tubs are simply invaluable, and are all built either of seasoned oak or teak that has been in store a full seven years. Praise is superfluous on the score of their artistic merit, while that also, which will appeal very strongly to patriotic supporters, is the fresh lease of life afforded the cooper's handicraft, an industry rather inclined to languish through an influx of cheap inferior foreign stuff dumped down, as usual, in an obliging land. Apart, however, from all utilitarianism, these decorative tubs carry a distinct artistic claim, not only as receptacles for greenery, but also for wood blocks or coal screens.

A Chapeau from the Maison Miniggio

Our photograph shows a novel *capeline* of delicate rose crin, plumed on the one side with lovely ostrich feathers of the same hue.

A Tub for Shrubs

(Manufactured by Alexander Hamilton, of 11, Conduit Street, W.)

The most delightful trip this year is a visit to

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JAMES SHANKS, *Chief Executive Officer.*

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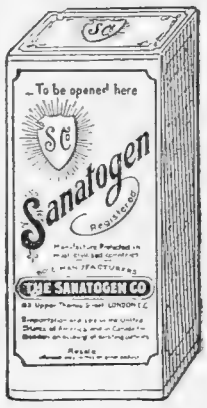

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DO IT NOW.

YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

His address is—

Prof. S. L. KENDAL, 89, Regent Street, London, W.

Raised Beds and Large Vases

Raised beds and large vases are excellent devices for relieving the flatness of formal bedding. As shown in the photograph, the neighbourhood of trees and shrubs also lessens the openness, the want of seclusion, which, to the English mind, is one of the chief objections to this style of gardening. Ivy-leaved geraniums are admirable plants for the raised beds, and especially for the vases, but they must be allowed to grow more or less naturally, and to hang down here and there. If they are kept to a stiff outline, the artistic effect is quite spoiled. In one respect raised beds and vases are troublesome; in a hot summer they require an enormous amount of water. If there is any failure here, the plants will soon go out of flower. The trouble may be reduced by mixing manure with the soil, but unless it is moderate in amount the result will be an excessive growth of foliage. For manure, to which many people object for beds near the house, spent hops make an excellent substitute. They are clean, free from any unpleasant smell, and easy to apply either before planting or as a top-dressing afterwards. As regards their manurial value, they contain a large percentage of potash and a fair percentage of phosphorus, but are rather deficient in nitrogen. They are, therefore, most useful for applying to plants grown for flowers or fruit. If much growth is also wanted, nitrogen should be supplied in the form of either nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia.

Plants to Cover the Ground

There is far too much bare earth visible in most gardens. Every inch of it should be covered during the summer. No doubt, there are many plants which have very little foliage near their base; but it is easy to grow around them dwarf spreading plants which will hide the ground. Though the majority of the latter are, like the aubrietias and many saxifrages, spring flowers, they are evergreen, and that is the great thing. They do not interfere with the taller plants, for their roots occupy a different layer; on the contrary, they are useful by shading the surface and so checking evaporation. Far too often, the setting of the beautiful flowers in the rose-garden is a waste of brown soil. No one would have it so who had ever seen the effect of covering it with violas or pansies. It is the same in the mixed border; from end to end it should be filled with greenery and colour. If there are gaps now, this is not the best time to stop them permanently, though annuals will serve temporarily, but preparations for doing so later should be made without delay. Plants suitable for the purpose should be chosen, and seed should be bought and sown—in a seed-bed situated, if possible, where it is shaded from the mid-day sun. In consequence of the comparatively high temperature of the soil at this season, seeds sown outside will germinate very quickly, but if moisture fails them they are killed. For this reason it is inadvisable to sow them in a sunny position, unless they are shaded by means of matting. The seedlings should be pricked out when they require more space, and transferred to the borders in autumn.

H. C. Davidson.

A Fine Example of Artistic Bedding

Raised beds and large vases are excellent devices for relieving the flatness of formal bedding, while a background of trees and shrubs lessens the openness, one of the objections to this style of gardening

HAMPSTEAD TUBE

(CHARING CROSS, EUSTON & HAMPSTEAD RAILWAY)

HAMPSTEAD – HIGHGATE

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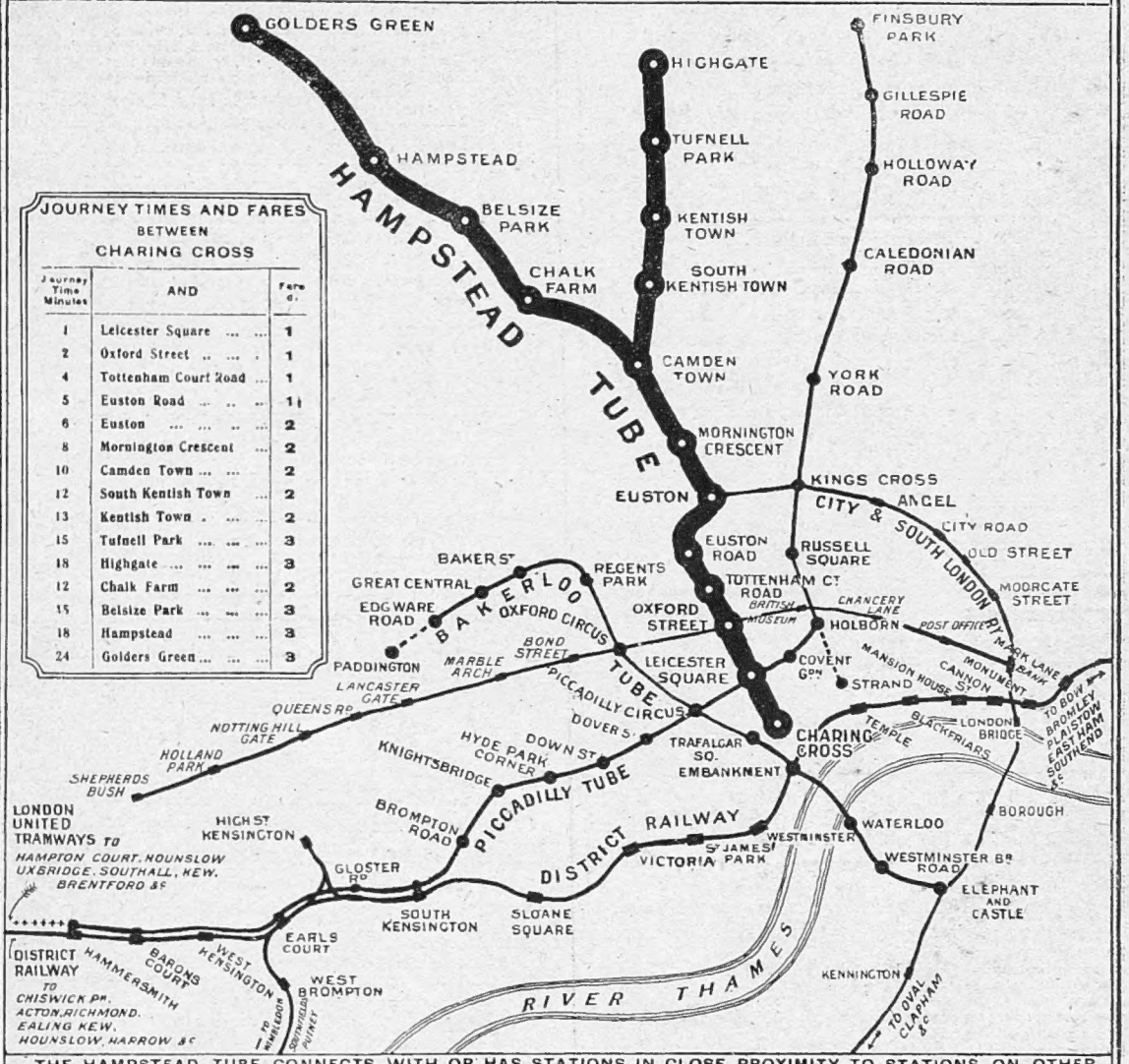

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2	Oxford Street	1
4	Tottenham Court Road ...	1
5	Euston Road	1½
6	Euston	2
8	Mornington Crescent ...	2
10	Camden Town	2
12	South Kentish Town ...	2
13	Kentish Town	2
15	Tufnell Park	3
18	Highgate	3
12	Chalk Farm	2
15	Belsize Park	3
18	Hampstead	3
24	Golders Green	3

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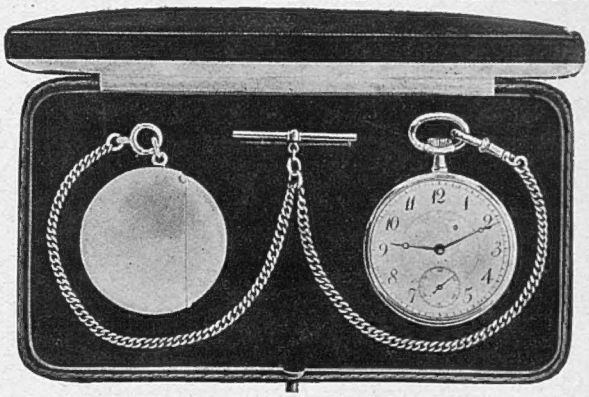

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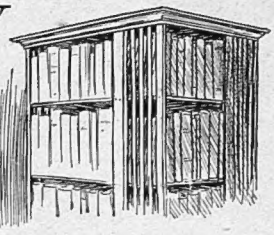

Books to Order This Week

"Emancipation." By Arthur Beckett. (Sisleys: 6*s.*)
"A Woman Alone in the Heart of Japan." By Gertrude Adams Fisher. (Sisleys: 6*s.*)
"The Child of Promise." By Netta Syrett. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

Mark Twain's Visit

Mark Twain's pluck in coming over here, after the horrible warning afforded of the excesses of British hospitality by the visit of the Colonial Premiers, cannot but earn fresh admiration for his notorious pluck and endurance. If Mark dreamed that, coming immediately *after* that orgie, he might find some slackening off in the entertaining energy of our public bodies, he must by this time be rudely awakened, for much dining and much speechmaking has been his unhappy lot since he landed last Tuesday. Mr. Twain has been made, among other things, a D.C.L. "Few escape it," as he himself once said of the Legion of Honour. In addition to that, he has been mercilessly interviewed and snapshotted, entertained by the Pilgrims Club and other festive bodies, and insulted by Mr. Shaw, who, on a public platform, and in the presence of a group of Pressmen, deliberately called him a sociologist!

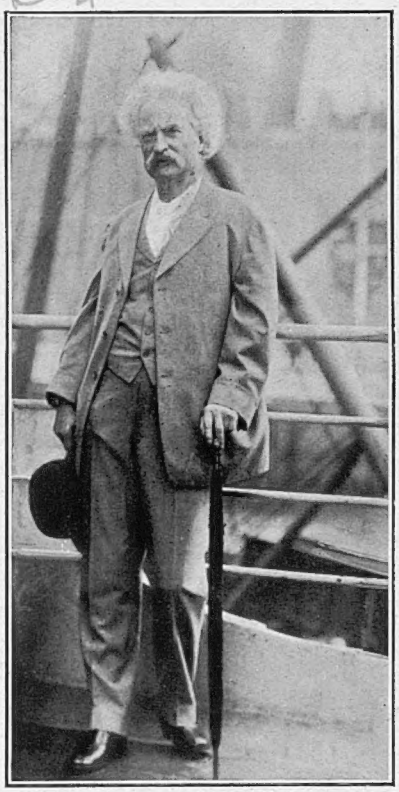

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Mark Twain

Snapshotted on the *Minneapolis*, by which he arrived, last week, in England, to be subjected to much interviewing. He is now visiting the Oxford Pageant, dining, making jokes, and—arrangements for his forthcoming funeral

A Plea for Female Freedom

Presumably of the male gender, Mr. "Arthur Beckett" has distinct leanings towards the feminine point of view in *Emancipation*, his first novel, published by Sisleys (6*s.*) It is a sort of special plea for woman's freedom—freedom from social bonds, freedom in her choice of lovers, freedom from the obligation to enchain herself in matrimony. Without being at all an unmoral woman, Charity Woodhams, the heroine of *Emancipation*, is a strangely fickle young person. Overwhelmed with a sense of her own superiority, she leaves her farmhouse home to become a shop-assistant in Brighton. There is, it seems, in her taking such an employment, some social descent, as a result of which she gives herself irritating airs, and rejects, with a cruelty that is simply callous, an adoring young suitor in the establishment. Charity is extraordinarily ambitious, and has, romantically, got to know a young banker-politician, and become tacitly engaged to him. Then, suddenly, he writes to say that his "people" disapprove, and that he must "wait"; whereat the superb Charity enjoys a paroxysm of rage. Speedily, however, somebody else comes along—an aspiring young poet, afflicted with the strange delusion that there is money in his line of business. Charity does not exactly marry this young man, because his wife is, awkwardly, already alive; but she does the next best thing, and shares his humble cot, his name, and the ecstatic joy of welcoming home nightly his rejected MSS. The poverty of the life puts Charity's love to the test, and when the banker reappears, she falls a victim to *his* blandishments, and with lightning fluency transfers herself to *his* festive board, and assumes *his* name. All along, let me insist, Charity seems to be conscious of doing nothing that is particularly wrong, nor has Society, oddly enough, anything much to say on the subject! Of course, the ending is tragic, and extracts plenteous teardrops, for it transpires, much to the reader's surprise, that Charity has loved the poet all along. On the news of his illness (with small-pox) she flies back to him, and, in doing so, nobly sacrifices her own life—(what the authorities were up to to permit of such a thing is not stated—but no matter!) The story is very conscientious, and it is very well written, for Mr. Beckett has a wealth of classical imagery and sophistry, is a most attractive word-painter, and is particularly happy in his sketches of social life in Brighton, and of the life in the shop. There are two points of objection—the one is that so selfish, conceited, and altogether unattractive a young person as Charity should be thus idealised. My other reservation is that Mr. Beckett is far too lenient with the young lady in his estimate of the effect of her conduct on public opinion. It is not very likely that a woman could, as Charity does, suddenly cease to be (nominally) Mrs. A. at Pevensey and become (nominally) Mrs. B. in respectable Brighton without very much more social censure than here falls to her lot. Despite her tragic death in the end, I am bound to look on Miss Charity as, in this respect, one of the most fortunate, as she is one of the most entirely objectionable, of the young ladies I have met in recent fiction.

Far East or Far West?

So much that we know of Japan comes from American sources, that it is likely we shall, in the near future, get to think of the island Empire as the Far West rather

than the Far East. Certainly, very much more literature about that country hails from scribes of the Yankee than of the English variety. This ensures, if not much else, brightness of observation and of description. *A Woman Alone in the Far East* is the title of a most readable volume by Gertrude Adams Fisher (Sisleys: 6*s*.). The author seems to have got away from the beaten track, and her eye has been awake for details of a piquant and unusual character. For instance, she has given us a woman's view of that unique pageant, the Kioto annual procession of unfortunates —the march past of gaily draped and decorated *demi-mondaines*, which all sorts and conditions of men turn out to witness. The author professes great horror at the publicity of so degrading a spectacle, and for the callous way in which the shame of the participants is observed by their fellow-countrymen. Personally, I am unable to see why an organised annual procession of this kind in Kioto is, morally, any more offensive than the unorganised and much less picturesque procession of the kind which is to be witnessed nightly in the West End of London. The author is a little unctuous, methinks, in her regard for Japanese morals. If a little more concern could be extended to those of the Christian nations, I think the cause of purity might be better served. The author, however, would seem herself to have some inkling of the "peculiar" religious status of her country, for does she not relate how, badgered by natives asking whether she was a "Chreeschin," she once gave the startling reply:

"No, I am an American!"

The Revolt Against Rebellion

"But this Balham," said Anna, at last. "Is it the world?"

I have extracted this one sentence from Miss Netta Syrett's new novel, *The Child of Promise* (Chapman and Hall: 6*s*.). Even apart from its context, it is beautiful. It is, in itself, a monument to the interest of the book. One can look at it, subconsciously, for hours, caring neither by whom said, to whom, when, where, nor with what meaning. "This Balham!" Yes, is it, indeed, the world? I should like to leave the reader rolling the problem over his tongue, and say no more about the novel, save out of a scrupulous desire to do justice to a very clever author. For *The Child of Promise* is a decidedly clever book, with a valuable satirical strain. It tells of a revolt against the conventionality of the unconventional, of a rebellion against rebellion. Brought up in a community of "free-unions," living the Simple Life, away from outside influences, a young girl, of beauty and natural feminine instincts, revolts against her very freedom—thirsts for the chains of that very conventionality from which her tribe has released itself. The point at which she is pitchforked into civilisation is the Balham of the question above quoted, and what she learns of the world she is taught by the preceptors of Balham. Without detailing the plot—which has that sex interest which, according to our American critic, is the bane of every modern British novel—it is only necessary to say that Natasha, the heroine, learns very speedily the awful truth as to "the world," and becomes, herself, a champion of the very doctrines from which she had rebelled. For the fervour with which she preaches the cause, she is indebted to a desire to be avenged on the man who had betrayed and deserted her, an episode which provides the story with its needed human interest. However, it is the central satirical idea of the book—that of the rebellion of the rebel against rebellion—which remains most firmly implanted in my mind. As a story, and from the point of view of dramatic sequence, Miss Syrett's book is not so strong; for, towards the end, the satire having spent itself and the action being purely human, there is a tendency to drag. However, this is one of the season's notable books, on no account to be missed by thoughtful novel readers.

The "Blacklegs" of Journalism

A little question of some interest to journalists has cropped up in the Jarrow Election. In reply to Mr. Curran's charge that there were "too many journalists in Parliament," Mr. Hughes, the Liberal candidate, twitted the Labour Party with the fact that a great many of their M.P.'s were journalists themselves—to the injury of the "trade" of journalism. Mr. Curran's reply has been that

> he would certainly decline to write for the Press if it could be shown that such action was hostile to the opinion or the interests of working journalists.

I sincerely hope Mr. Curran will duly be convinced on the point. For it is most certainly the fact that, of late years, the ranks of journalism have been invaded in the most alarming fashion by non-professionals. Labour M.P.'s are not the only "blacklegs" who have come into journalism to the crowding out of trained workers. Actors and actresses, clergymen, doctors, scientists, charity organisers, Lord Mayors, sportsmen and sportswomen, ex-convicts—in fact, every condition of human being, famed or notorious in any sphere—have been dragged helter-skelter into writing and signing articles—for the Press. Side by side with the filling of column after column with the experiences, the fads, and the pleas of these people, there is known to exist a very serious difficulty on the part of hundreds of competent literary men to get their work accepted, not because of its unsuitability, but because of the inexhaustible passion of some editors to fill their columns with articles decorated with the signature of celebrities, and their prejudice against MSS. not thus adorned. I am exceedingly glad Mr. Hughes has had the wit and the courage to apply the term "blackleg" to these literary space-grabbers, and I hope one of his Parliamentary ambitions, in the event of his election, will be to champion, so far as possible, the rights of his fellow-journalists against a form of competition which would be tolerated in no other profession or trade.

VIVIAN CARTER.

Mr. John Long will shortly publish the following works: *A Book of the Cevennes*, by S. Baring-Gould, M.A., with upwards of forty illustrations on art paper, printed in sepia, with eight plates in colour, and a map, crown octavo, 6*s*. This work is uniform in scope and size with the author's well-known books on Devon, Cornwall, Dartmoor, Brittany, the Riviera, the Rhine, etc., etc. *Pictures from Nature's Garden*, being stories from life in wood and field, by H. W. Shepheard-Walwyn, M.A., F.Z.S., etc., with seventy-eight illustrations on art paper, printed in sepia from the author's photographs direct from nature, crown octavo, 6*s*.

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